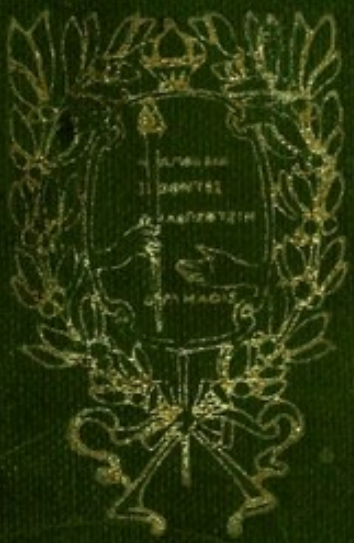
Novel ways of entertaining / by Florence Hull Winterburn and others.

NOVEL WAYS OF ENTERTAINING



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NOVEL WAYS OF ENTERTAINING

BY
FLORENCE HULL WINTERBURN
AND OTHERS

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FOREWORD

THIS is not intended to be a book of etiquette, nor of instruction in entertaining as a fine art. It is supposed that most women of the present day know well the old formula of doing the right thing by guests, which is to "show hospitality without grudging." That canon of our forefathers is still the one guide of unfashionable quarters. But the endeavor of the writer is to bring an ancient idea down to a later day and generation, to take account of recent innovations in the social world, and, consequently, to make a serviceable little book for those who like novelty and search for something newer and more original.

A critic said of one book that was written to help that it "was what we all might have know had we been as industrious as the writer in hunting out new inventions and ideas." It is the humble hope of the author that some illuminating ideas are in these pages.

F. H. W.

NOVEL WAYS OF ENTERTAINING

NOVEL WAYS OF ENTERTAINING

I

THE MODERN SPIRIT OF HOSPITALITY

"THE old order changeth, giving place to new." In nothing is this more evident than in the matter of entertaining. The modern fancy is to crowd as much as possible into the day, to do many different things instead of taking time to one thing. We are constantly accused by foreigners of taking our amusements seriously; but it is much nearer the truth to say that we take them intensely, throwing into them our whole hearts and minds. They are not interludes in work, for we work at them. Whether it is a better way,

an improvement on the leisurely mode of our grandparents, is scarcely an essential query; the mode is here, and we have to subscribe to it.

To entertain friends at dinner or luncheon in the staid old way, with plenty of good things to eat and drink and conversation to while away the time, is far too little for the modern hostess. The feasting is now the least part of the feast. Unless there is the promise of something to come after that, *ennui* sets in before the first course is removed. To keep up the spirits of one's guests there should be a hint of some mysterious delight in store; a whisper of a new feature either in the dramatic or musical line or else in the satisfying method that is at present most in harmony with our tastes—an outdoor recreation.

Taking a hint, perhaps, from the accepted "hunt lunch," we have introduced the "golf lunch," and now the French passion for outdoor life has caught our fancy, and the country-club idea is a rage with us. To sip tea out of doors after the game of golf or tennis is something appealing to the fancy for the charmingly unconventional,

under the most conventional surroundings, be it understood. There must be the accompaniment of every luxury in the way of up-to-date service, exquisite toilets, and delicacies to eat. It is carrying out the naïve plea of Marie Antoinette for simplicity as she understood it at Little Trianon, and with the Watteau shepherdess costume readily replaceable at an instant's notice by the splendid toilet of ceremony.

The majority of new amusements are thought out in the summer, when the days are long, and lying in a hammock planning the winter campaign is an amusement in itself. Then they are tried, stamped with the mark of "society," and adopted little by little throughout this country and elsewhere. Sometimes they are disputed, inch by inch, by conservative people, but gain ground as disapproval of their novelty gives way before the resistless march of progress. The introducer of an innovation must fight against envy, but, after all, envy only helps instead of hindering, for it provokes imitation. To be imitated is to have achieved success. But it straight-

way incites the original mind to new efforts, for as soon as a thing gets known generally something better must be originated for the elect. The desire to be in the lead is the most stimulating incentive known to human nature. It makes the pleasure of "the game" in enjoyments as in business. It turns even the most strenuous work into play, fiercely pursued, but containing the element of happiness to ambitious spirits.

A talent for originality is not sufficient to make a good hostess—that goes without saying. It is not the mountebank who wins the genuine praise of the initiated, but the real wit who has the gift of magnetism —that is, of sympathy with what is human and lasting—and can touch the heart of an audience. Is it not the drama that can move to tears that remains on the boards the longest? And is it not the woman who loves her kind who keeps their affection, who draws people to her whether she is rich in this world's goods or fortune turns its back and leaves her little resource beyond her delightful personality?

Madame Récamier received her friends

with the same grace in her shabby brick-floored little room—all that reverses allowed her—as when she had queened it in her almost royal mansion in the Faubourg Saint-Germaine. Nor did they gather less eagerly there than in her beautiful home, because she retained in her poverty the same charm, the same qualities that had made her the most-sought woman in Paris. The essential thing to successful entertaining is that instinctive knowledge of and sympathy with human nature which enables one to put people at their ease and make them happy. Given that, the rest is merely a question of the particular way of making them happy which is most suitable to the occasion and the hour. *Without* the hospitable gift—the charm—the most wonderful methods are as inefficacious in popularizing a hostess as were those magnificent dinners of the Veneerings that Dickens satirized in one of his happiest veins when he described how the guests always addressed their remarks to one another and ignored completely the people who were paying for the feast.

An egotistical hostess who gives dinners

merely to show off her house and wealth may get a crowd of people together in her home, but they will not pay her the compliment of enjoying themselves. They will come to eat and drink and leave to criticize, especially if something in her style may be attacked upon the score of being slightly bizarre. To carry off a novelty requires the aplomb of unquestioned respect. In England a fine godmother is sought for an innovation, else the new-born falls into disgrace. Not that the English are timid, as the French sometimes claim to be—there is a delightful article in the *Apropos d'un Parisien* on the subject, from which I must just quote a sentence or so later on—but they are stiff, and have to get the habit of new postures by imitation of the great.

The Parisian says, "When you are afraid, go and consult Mademoiselle Carmen. After that nothing will appear too daring. This is a recipe for curing the most obstinate timidity in three days." Well, in America we have not the Carmen continually at hand, but we have certain grand dames as magnificently liberal in

ideas and acts. The recitals of Newport doings are most enlightening, most liberating. But slavish imitation is humiliating, and usually a failure, too. Let a little variation of the first idea come about in your carrying out of a plan of entertainment. One touch of originality is worth a stack of conventions.

One of the latest things being talked of now is the intention of a number of society people at Newport and Narragansett to form a club for flying. Hydroplanes have been purchased and instructors engaged, and perhaps by the time this book goes to press the popular amusement will have become "aviation lunches," with a fleet of aircraft floating down upon the casinos for a morning of fun in the surf and a lunch, followed by a game of polo at the Point Judith Polo Club. But *après?* We may image the clique tossing their heads upon feverish pillows by night in the vain effort to devise something beyond, still more novel. Are there enough new things to last out their lifetimes? If not, then farewell to pleasure, for all palls and becomes vapid after a single season of trial.

This Athenianizing of our Western Hemisphere—seeking some new thing every day—has one singular result. Exhausting ingenious devices, we are thrown back upon amusements more *naïf* and primitive. We may have to accept a suggestion or two from over the way, in London, where they have been watching the children play the old folk-games and have become eager to try them for themselves.

So the modern theory of entertaining is altogether different from the old-time one, because we now undertake so much more in the line of amusing guests. There are few single functions, simple and limited; one thing conceals another within itself, and to untwine the meaning of an invitation is often a delicious species of excitement, like finding the path of a labyrinth.

However exciting the entertainment in hand may be to guests, there is one person who should be as unmoved as the Sphinx—the hostess. I almost said that there must be another—the butler. But that goes without saying. If the mistress of the mansion can but achieve the complete calm and dignity of that functionary she

need ask no more of herself. American nervousness is apt to manifest itself in the effort of entertaining until long habit has made it second nature. The girl who has had the great advantage of growing up in a home where hospitality was graciously practised enters into her kingdom as a young matron with little to learn. Whether her environment has been modest or magnificent, the one essential maxim will have been well learned, that the first and chief thing in the art of entertaining is to—entertain. That is, to give forth the measure of enjoyment that guests have the right to expect; to be hospitable in the true sense of subordinating for the time being her own wishes and preferences to theirs, of carrying out the wonderful maxim that has never grown obsolete, of "seeking not her own," but seeking with zest and zeal whatever may promote their pleasure.

It is admitted everywhere that American women are wonderfully adaptable, with a *savoir faire* that enables the country-bred little Westerner to bridge the gap between some obscure village and a great European

capital when her husband becomes an ambassador. How well she acquits herself, what success attends the social career upon which she enters with secret fear and trembling, but with a brave front and the memory of a heroic ancestry to steady her nerves! We call ourselves a practical people, but if the secret social history of our prominent officials were written out and the truth told about the struggles and triumphs over difficulties of their wives and daughters no recital of old romance could compare with the chronicle. The American is the most social creature in the world. Plant her in Nicaragua or China, and she becomes an influence, her home a center. She commits solecisms through ignorance of traditions, but is pardoned because of her audacity and her good nature. More than that, she is loved because into the flat and tepid atmosphere of old societies she introduces fresh enthusiasm and new ideas. Stagnation is her horror. She must and will have friends about her and something going on. And she has that fine gift of recombining from the limited number of amusements and occupations in the world

something agreeably novel which makes her the envy and admiration of slower nations.

The Englishman is the perfect host—self-effacing, patient, liberal toward both the idiosyncrasies and the appetites of his guests. But the British matron is a trifle overwhelming in her state, less adaptable than our women or the gracious, tactful women of France. What is this "tact" so lauded everywhere, so hard to formulate, so difficult to attain? I think it is nothing more nor less than the desire to give pleasure to others, trained to appropriate expression. Back of it is something even rarer and finer, the thing that makes the other genuine, and that elevates it as the creature of race is elevated beyond a parvenue imitator: delicate consideration of others, regardless of their position or their power to render to us benefits in return. This is the thing that must be ingrained in a child, drilled into it early, and made a habit of life, if the man or woman is to succeed in society. "*Noblesse oblige*" is a maxim that can never go out of date while women cherish tender sentiments or men have a

fellow-feeling for their kind. It teaches that one should not overwhelm acquaintances with lavishness, not be a snob. The reserve that keeps back the suggestion of too much superiority of position is better taste. It inspires a wish to set the awkward guest at his ease, to help the gawky youth to be his best self, to send people forth from our house with agreeable memories stirring in them of having passed some of the happiest hours of their lives.

To divine the special bent of strangers and lead the talk in that direction, to give the smile that can unlock shy hearts, the sympathetic glance that may warm a cold nature is the great gift that marks out a woman as the natural entertainer, whether she possesses the ingenuity that devises odd pastimes to amuse or not. That is mere knowledge which can be acquired. Inspired by the aim of giving pleasure to her friends, of making her home a center of the higher life, a woman may enter upon the occupation of entertaining with confidence that a little effort will make her mistress of all the modes.

But to any one whose disposition in-

clines toward general hospitality one suggestion should be made: there is both discomfort and danger in the habit of miscellaneous inviting. We must recollect the Mr. Brooke, in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, whose pen "trailed off into invitations" whenever he wrote a letter; and the Mrs. Cadwallader of whom her author, Mrs. Humphry Ward, said that "if she talked long with an Esquimo or an organ-grinder she would end by inviting him to her house."

The more exclusive our home the greater the honor of being invited to it. The hostess must surrender herself; how can she do that if she is indifferent to her guests? The man who eats our salt is sacred. Consequently we should be cautious in our selection of idols.

Patronage is the motive of hospitality with persons who are incapable of friendship. But their flimsy veil of geniality is seen through, and they are detested while their liberality is exploited by those with whom social pleasure is a matter of self-interest. Many big dinners are thinly disguised speculations; business is frankly

talked after the removal of the cloth, and the flippancy of an hour slides away under the fierce competition of interests like oil before flame. But it seems more fitting that these affairs should occur in hotels than in the sacred privacy of the home. There is something indelicate in putting a man at disadvantage by radiant hospitality and then fleecing him in a bargain.

Hospitality is a gracious privilege, and the woman who so regards it will make the most accomplished hostess. One of her hardest duties is to never allow herself to seem bored. She has to try to see something agreeable and sensible in the most futile remarks, to supply the spark that may kindle dull wits, to be affable and charming when weary or discouraged. After she has invited a guest, perhaps in a moment of mistaken enthusiasm, she dare not show disappointment in him. The tiresome, ill-bred person whom some social change has suddenly made prominent must be recognized and humored, should necessity open her door to him. And, although roasted at the fire of her own rashness after bringing incongruous persons to-

gether, she must make the best of the situation and bring all her diplomacy and wit into play to unite such ill-assorted elements. Let them fly apart after they leave her house, if they will.

General suavity is her motto; and, whether she dispenses a cup of tea on her lawn or presides at a banquiet in her Louis Quinze drawing-room, the poise of her bearing must be perfect. No accidents should ruffle her, and to any blunder of her servants, to any unexpected happening likely to mar the harmony of the occasion, she must turn a deaf ear.

The perfect hostess is undoubtedly born, not made. If the old South is not overrated—and her daughters will never admit that impeachment—there was the example of the national hospitality in its full development and finest flower. Certainly there is nothing better than the old-fashioned Virginia matron, overflowing with benevolence, warm-hearted and generous, without a suspicion of affectation in her excellent humor. Even now that she is deprived of service and means in many instances, the old spirit is still there, although the

expression of it is curtailed. However, the Southern temperament is readjusting itself to other climates. Thousands of young men and women from the old South have come North lately and made homes where the liberal disposition of their ancestors, encouraged by easier pecuniary conditions, flourishes in delightful vigor and freedom.

We have the bliss in America of continually welding opposite traits and temperaments among our people, so that new and better types are ever the aim and hope of marriage. The young married woman is an interesting object to her acquaintances, an unknown social quantity. How will she acquit herself of her new duties toward society? What will she add to it, and what novelties and improvements will she introduce? These are the inevitable, although perhaps unspoken, questions that agitate every community on the occasion of a new family entering it. The younger set will be hopeful of new features, but the older ones will appreciate a certain reserve and modesty, an adaptability that feels its way slowly toward popularity and attempts no startling innovations.

It is natural for the newly married young woman to be ambitious of returning the civilities extended to her by entertainments equally elegant, but she will do well to hold her hand and be as simple and unostentatious as she can. Absolute naturalness, the cordiality that is simple and apparently unstudied, will do more for her than a ton of money spent unwisely. Many a menage is ruined by attempting too much at first and then falling below the level set in the beginning. It is the most experienced worldlings, the people accustomed to all the luxuries, who like best the novelty of simple little dinners and teas with the spice of fresh interest in them. Thackeray tells a nice tale of old Goldstick going to dine with his poor friend who served up excellent mutton chops himself from the stove and popped them on his plate piping hot, with an air of *bonhomie* and good-fellowship that amazed and startled the millionaire, who, nevertheless, enjoyed himself hugely. Something less crude will please our modern taste more, but the spirit is the same; spontaneous, genuine hospitality is the real coin of home

life, and those who receive it are more touched than by the splendors of entertainments that cost the givers efforts they make with reluctance and through sacrifice to conventionality.

II

AFTERNOON TEA

DURING the past two hundred and fifty years, since a certain astute Dutchman introduced from China the queer little leaf since become so generally popular, almost everything that can be said in favor of the gentle beverage distilled from it has been said. Every little while some alarmist rushes into denunciations of the dreadful danger of tannin, says that England is in the first stages of that lethargy in which China has been drowned for generations, and preaches abstinence from the terrible herb, but the effect of such sermons lasts only until the abstainer begins to feel creeping over him that loneliness and depression which the cup of tea was expressly invented to dispel; then, presto! the dainty cup is welcomed back

as a friend in need, and away with apprehensions.

Brain-workers have been from the first the most zealous advocates of tea as a beverage. Of its abuse Dr. Johnson is the most woeful example; but of what in the way of food excess is not that great eccentric an example? And then his thirty cups were like the lies of the baby—"*such little ones!*" And one pardons gluttony to the maturity of the man whose youth was a state of chronic starvation.

"Reader," asks George Eliot, earnestly, "have you ever drunk a cup of tea with real country cream?" And she goes on to expatiate, with unusual animation for so philosophical a soul, on the "dulcet properties" of that exquisite combination. But there are people who protest that cream spoils tea, that sugar is an offense to it, and who swallow with enjoyment the clear infusion as it is poured from the pot. However wholesome, I confess that to me it seems a barren, naked sort of pleasure, this of seeing a tea-pot divorced from its pretty adjuncts of cream-jug and sugar-bowl, all

of one pattern, and spread out in social companionship.

Leigh Hunt in *The Seer* devotes almost the whole of two chapters to explaining the delightful and also the deleterious effects of England's favorite herb and the proper way to distil it. His recipe cannot be improved upon, and should be copied into the note-book of every good housekeeper.

"In the first place the tea-pot is found by experience to be best when made of metal. But, whether metal or ware, take care that it be thoroughly clean, and the water thoroughly boiling. There should not be a leaf of the stale tea left from the last meal. No good tea can be depended upon from an urn, because an urn cannot be kept boiling; and the water should never be put upon the tea but in a thoroughly and *immediately* boiling state. Boiling, proportion, and attention are the three magic words of tea-making. The water should also be soft—hard water being sure to spoil the best tea; and it is advisable to prepare against a chill by letting a small quantity of hot water stand in it before you begin, emptying it out, of course, when you do so.

These premises being taken care of, excellent tea may be made for one person by putting into the pot three teaspoonfuls and as much water as will cover the quantity. Let this stand five minutes, and then add as much more as will twice fill the cup you are going to use. Leave this additional water another five minutes; and then, *first* putting the sugar and cream into the cup, pour out the tea, making sure to put in another cup of boiling water *directly*. Of tea made for a party, a spoonful for each, and one over, must be used; taking care *never to drain the tea-pot*, and always to add the requisite quantity of boiling water as mentioned."

Here, now, is the authentic prescription as coming from an esthetic as well as a practical man, and upon it have been based most of the modern ideas of tea preparation. In deference to the warnings of the medical profession against the dreaded tannin, that poison residing in the grounds of the infusion, many women have now adopted the tea-ball, the silver or aluminum globe with perforated sides, and this, filled with tea, is swung about in the pot for

a moment or two and then withdrawn. Compared with Hunt's drastic infusion this is like the chicken soup where the fowl flies through the kitchen! Sometimes there is a tea-ball for each cup, so that every one may have the tea as strong or as weak as is liked. Before the tea-ball came in careful housewives conceived the plan of using little linen bags in the same manner. I recollect once, at a club tea, a charming woman, known as one of Manhattan's society favorites, warned me that my neglected tea "was boiling in the cup," as I had forgotten, in the interest of talk, to fish my little bag out.

Strange what an impression a trivial incident will make upon the mind when important things pass away! I never henceforth neglected to heedfully count the two moments that a tea-ball should remain in the water, to bring my tea to the *juste milieu* that suits my personal taste.

It is said, as the worst that can be brought against a delightful form of entertainment, that afternoon tea-drinking ruins the digestion, because it destroys the appetite for dinner and interferes with sleep.

Doubtless it has the latter ill effect when to it is added the *demi tasse* of black coffee epicures demand after their late dinner. Like the mixing of liquors, the mingling of tea and coffee is a dangerous practice. But unless made overstrong I doubt very much if a cup or so of five-o'clock tea will occasion any distress upon the partaker. At this hour of the day most persons become sensible of a dropping of the mercury of their spirits; weariness and lassitude replace the energy of the morning, and if hunger is not present, still there is a sort of faintness that makes the dinner-hour seem far away. Taken in the privacy of one's own apartment, the five-o'clock tea is merely sustenance, a necessary refreshment which fills the purpose of enabling one to bear up instead of giving way to fatigue. But taken in company it is more; pleasant society doubles the benefit of bodily nourishment, and an informal refection, arranged with little effort and at small expense, is one of the most satisfactory modes of bringing one's friends about one and indulging the spirit of hospitality.

Most things are discovered by accident,

and it was because two elderly women were confined to their homes, yet wished to entertain in a small way, that afternoon teas were brought about. They gave their afternoon callers the surprise of a dainty basket of little home-made cakes and a fragrant cup of the soothing herb, and popular, indeed, became their little receptions. The custom spread in England until the men began to complain of the expense of this form of entertainment, confined exclusively to women. Are we to suppose that it was the tact of the wives which extended the hospitality to men and so pacified their minds by ministering to their need for amusement? A very tame sort of amusement they must have found it in England, although in those days there *was* conversation when several people were gathered together, and dancing was not resorted to in its place. But it had its reason for being in the necessity for refreshment after the hunt, when men and women came in weary from their outdoor exercise, and the steaming urn and a few biscuits refreshed body and mind equally.

Mr. Hunt to the contrary notwithstand-

ing, the tea-urn is the accepted method of serving this refreshment. At small teas, on the porch of the country house, it is customary for the tea-service to be placed on a wicker table covered with the prettiest cloth the hostess possesses, the round, lace-trimmed one being the preference of the moment, and the brass or silver kettle having its place of honor near the center. An alcohol-lamp keeps the water boiling, and there are cups and saucers, sugar-bowl and cream-jug, to keep it company. What else shall be served is a matter of individual taste. Sometimes there is fresh toast and a dish of marmalade. That constituted one of the most delicious teas I have ever had, partaken of when coming to a great country place after a long drive in the rain.

The English muffin, toasted, is, unhappily, not a thing that we have much success in making, nor the nice Scotch scones. But, on the other hand, we excel in little cakes. The small scalloped cakes, either sugared or frosted, baked in little tins, and coming on fresh from the oven, are delightful. On the table may be a dish of bon-

bons, if one likes. Or, better still, a plate of home-made caramels or fudge. There is something cavalier in offering one's friend crackers bought in boxes, and as for the sawdusty little bits of sweetness that are often made to answer the place of a bite of nourishment, I call them delusions and snares. Anything else in the world except stale, sweet crackers! Better honest bread and butter than those substitutes for hospitality.

At the usual afternoon at home, when tea is served either on the porch or lawn or in the drawing-room, it is pleasant for the daughters of the house to preside, leaving the mother free for the general duties of entertaining. One or two maids, immaculate in their black frocks and white starched collars and cuffs, will be in evidence to change the cups or bring in fresh relays of cakes or biscuits. But the ladies themselves are supposed to like to wait upon their guests, and the serving offers occasion for the most pleasant little intimacies. From chat about the requisite amount of cream and sugar the diversion is natural to other topics, and nothing

breaks the ice at a first visit like the introduction of the tea-urn.

Infinitesimal is the cost of a modest tea after the service is once obtained. And that lasts indefinitely. A dozen persons may be entertained for a single dollar. Fifty for five times that amount. Of course, decorations can be made to mount up to any sum. A *few* flowers on the table are indispensable. More scattered about add to the artistic effect.

In summer it is now customary to serve sherbets or iced tea, and the hissing urn is banished for the nonce. Even Roman punch is offered, and then heavier cakes give it countenance. But the old saying that hot tea is the cooler in the long run than iced tea has adherents, and many persons will not partake of the iced beverage. At large affairs it will be necessary to have both hot tea and iced tea, and that adds greatly to the trouble, but not much to the expense.

In winter chocolate, coffee, and tea are all served, but it is not obligatory to have anything else than the Simon-pure beverage which gives the little function its name.

With iced tea goes the crystal bowl of cracked ice, looking so refreshing in its frostiness, and a dish of strawberries is not amiss. Fruit is in order at all times as refreshments, and where there is a garden it is a privilege for the guests to eat of its fruit at first hand. The woman who has a strawberry-bed is rarely favored by fortune, as she may invite a selected party of guests out to her place in the height of the season and feast them upon this delicious fruit, giving them a memory that will always remain agreeable. One recalls years after the occasions when one was admitted into the real sanctity of a garden, made to feel at home on the premises of a proprietor of those good things of earth that have not come within one's personal chances. There was a lovely woman of great wealth whose delightful grounds were always thrown open to the Sunday-school children for three days at midsummer with full permission to cull the small fruits of the season, while afternoon tea, with substantial buns and sandwiches, was served on the lawn. What happiness this generosity gave to the little people,

and with what fervor was the annual function anticipated, with what pleasure recollected! Of all summer pleasures a "lawn tea" is the most stupid, however, unless there is entire informality and the right people are gathered together. Indoor five-o'clock functions may consist of your three or four intimate friends, when the opportunity is one for introducing a house guest or some one whom you may desire to make acquainted with your special circle, or it may become a large general assembly, with a débutante daughter as the center of attraction.

In small towns and in the country it is now quite customary to present a daughter in this way. A pretty girl is at an unusual advantage in the graceful position the little tea-table affords, and the hint of her domesticity is not lost upon the observant masculine guest! Young and elderly persons are included in such a company, and a little music is not amiss at intervals to vary the monotony of talk.

But the objective point is the elegant, well-equipped little table adorned with rare china and gleaming silver, fine cut glass,

and its few judiciously selected flowers. Avoid flowers with heavy perfume; some persons cannot bear to sit at the table on which they appear, and the more delicate the flowers the better the effect. Grasses and leaves nicely arranged answer the purpose. The usual table fern is always in order, but good taste suggests that all such artificial adjuncts as ribbons or bands of colored silk be left for the more elaborate occasion of dinner. Everything about the tea-table should bear out the character of an impromptu, unpremeditated entertainment, and the most cunning art should have the appearance of simplicity.

One of the novelties lately accepted is the wicker basket with silver rim to hand about crackers or cakes. Everything in the shape of wicker furnishings is welcomed, as they are so entirely different from the things deemed appropriate for more formal occasions. The porch tea will, of course, be served upon the wicker table, and the chairs are of the same pretty stuff adorned with cretonne pillows. But within doors the mahogany table is the choice, and the old-fashioned little "fall-leaf" table, which is

indubitable evidence of ancestry when a genuine heirloom, always arouses envy and admiration among the company. Instead of the table-cloth little lace mats are used for this finely polished table, which it is desecration to cover up. For protection from the heat of warm dishes cork or asbestos mats beneath the lace ones are the best things to employ. They come in sets, both round and oval, and are quite the most practical articles of their kind.

One item on the tea-table should not be forgotten, and this is a little plate containing slices of freshly cut lemon, for some persons cannot use sugar or cream, and, although from politeness accepting them, are uncomfortable in consequence. Be careful also about your selection of tea. A dash of green flavors black tea deliciously, yet it is poison to some people. The best selection is the English brand that is generally in use among our tea-drinking cousins, and will be chosen for you by your careful grocer. There is a wonderful brand of tea called "flowery Pekoe," costly and rare, and not often seen over here because of its perfectly colorless,

vapid look, which makes it unpopular with us. But the Chinese know its virtue. A friend of mine received from her daughter, missionary to China, a small jar of the "kind of tea the Emperor drinks," and was good enough to give me a drawing of it. There were no leaves, but a group of tiny flowers resembling the bud of the everlasting plant. I afterward exchanged experiences with my friend and found that we had both proceeded in the same way to try to get some color into our tea. We infused it, we boiled it. But it remained like pale lemonade and had, to our uncultivated taste, no flavor at all. So we concluded that it was too good for us, and that the kind we purchased over here, adulterated or not, suited us better.

Regarding the toilet of the hostess at the five-o'clock-tea function: any sober gown of silk may be worn, but it should *not* be decolleté. It is the worst possible taste to let the shoulders be seen by daylight. Evening gowns belong to evening, and it is assumed that the woman who wears one when the occasion demands a tea-gown does not possess the proper toilet. The

tea-gown, however, as it used to be, is rather out of style at present as a company toilet. Peignoirs have become most elaborate, and, being simply wrappers, however garnished, have an association with the boudoir that makes them inappropriate in the drawing-room. Any pretty afternoon dress, with the distinct character of a gown, and not of a peignoir, is now the better style.

It is said that it is next to impossible to introduce into America the envied institution of the salon—that delightful form of entertainment which combined the "feast of reason and flow of the soul" with dainty bodily refreshment which offered the excuse for coming together. Carlyle said, in one of his bitter moods, that "friendship was only an eating together," and it is true that the function of eating and drinking promotes good feeling, and is, perhaps, as necessary to its nourishment as letters between the absent. Here in the five-o'clock tea is given the opportunity to a woman to build up something like the salon, and if she has the necessary tact, the persistence to overcome the disappointment of facing

empty chairs many times before her acquaintances fall into the habit of coming to her little receptions, and the finesse to seek out bright and congenial persons who will care to meet each other again, she may establish delightful reunions at little expense and trouble.

At the beginning of a season cards may be sent out saying that Mrs. —— will be at home every Thursday during the winter or any other selected day. On the Continent and among many people over here Sunday is the social day. Men are at liberty on that day, and the harmless entertainment of the salon is one of the few means left in this age, when each sex seeks its amusements apart, for bringing them into pleasant and domestic intercourse with women. By all means let us uphold the five-o'clock reunions for the encouragement of conversation, the conserver of friendly relations between persons apt to become engrossed in separate interests, although congenial, and a means of indulging the hospitable instinct at small cost of energy and purse.

Regarding refreshments, it may be sug-

gested that a fresh, home-made sponge-cake cut into squares and served with the tea is a welcome dainty. As comparatively few cooks succeed in making this cake as it should be, at once spongy and crisp, not stringy, a recipe is given that has been completely successful and offers little difficulty to the novice.

Beat very light the yolks of four eggs—they must be absolutely fresh, for eggs more than a few days old have lost their capacity to *feather* in the beating, and are watery—then add to them one cup of granulated sugar, the juice and grated rind of one orange, one cup of finely sifted flour (pastry flour is best); now fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten very stiff, with a small pinch of salt. Have buttered tube cake-pan ready, and lay in your batter lightly, by spoonfuls. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour, taking especial care not to alter the heat perceptibly or allow a draft on the cake while turning the pan. In fact, it is risky to open the oven door at all for the first fifteen minutes, and then not too widely. A mere peep and a dexterous turn of the wrist, if the pan needs to be

turned at all, must suffice. Many a cake is ruined by the over-zeal of the cook in altering the position of her pan. If the cake inclines to rise a little on one side it is better to leave it alone till done and then conceal the irregularity by a judicious icing, or cut it all up, when no one will be the wiser. A dust of powdered sugar over the top of the sponge-cake is nicer than icing when it is to be served with tea. The above is an inexpensive cake, costing not over twenty-eight cents, even when eggs are at their dearest. If more is required it is best to make the quantity in two separate batters and bake separately.

Any cake served with tea should not be too sweet nor too rich. This beverage calls for a light, nourishing accompaniment, just as coffee and chocolate admit the heavier dainties, like fruit and pound-cake. The German *Kaffee Kuchen* is a most appropriate accompaniment for coffee, but, unfortunately, not once in a dozen times is it eatable. That which comes from the bakers is ordinarily heavy and doughy as well as too full of sour currants. I have experimented with this cake in my own

home, and, although the following recipe is not precisely the same as the veritable *Kuchen* as made in German households, it is excellent, and no one will find fault with it as a very good substitute.

Take of risen bread dough one pound—that is, as well as can be judged, for it is not absolutely indispensable that the lump weigh one pound to an ounce; tear it into small pieces with your fingers, and drop into a bowl. Now add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, one cup of brown and one of white sugar, half a pound of seeded raisins, half a pound of well washed and dried currants, and a quarter of a pound of citron cut in minute bits, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, and a quarter teaspoonful of powdered allspice. Be generous with your cinnamon and miserly with your allspice. Mix in now one cupful of flour in which has been well sifted one heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder and a small pinch of salt. Fold in now the two beaten whites of your eggs, and mix with a spoon vigorously. If the dough is too stiff to beat easily you may add half a cup of sweet milk to the batter. But the con-

sistency should be that of a bread dough rather than of a batter. Now put into a well-buttered shallow cake-pan with a very thick bottom, and this covered with at least two layers of buttered paper, for the cake must remain in the oven at least one hour and a quarter. The oven must be moderate, and the heat diminish *very* gradually after the first half-hour. Watch well, and when done try with a clean straw before removing. There is little danger of the cake's falling, and this recipe is one of the safest and easiest for the young housekeeper to try. With the addition of a nice Philadelphia icing it is a delightful cake for the children's party, wholesome and palatable. Moreover, in a tight cake-pan it will keep perfectly well for several days, although I do not say but that it is nicest fresh and warm from the oven. If it is desired to keep a week one teaspoonful of brandy should be added to the dough when mixing in the fruit.

Any little novelty in the way of simple dainties is perfectly appropriate for a five-o'clock, and the young lady of the house sometimes seizes this occasion to show off

her newly acquired knowledge of domestic science in the way of cookery and serving. It is pre-eminently the woman's function, to which there may or may not be men guests. Welcome they are and must be, but rare they certainly will be. Afternoon is the lounging-time, when those who can take their ease are delighted to "steal awhile away" in good company, but others may only sigh enviously while they look over the fence at people enjoying themselves and plod along in their own routine paths.

III

DINNER-GIVING IN A LARGE AND SMALL WAY

A CERTAIN little bride married in great state at Washington was completely dismayed at receiving from one of her husband's wealthy relatives, down on the secret list of her anticipations for a magnificent gift, a handsomely bound cookery book with this inscription within:

"A good dinner is the best of all good things; keeps a man in good humor with his wife and with the world. So accept this excellent adviser from your affectionate uncle."

The excellent adviser was cast into a closet, to languish there until one fine day saw young madame deprived of cook and housemaid by one of those sudden whirligigs of fortune which beset the inexperienced housekeeper. Then it was drawn

forth, studied, appreciated, and became in time one of the most valued friends of the quondam amusement-seeker. Never again after that first week was she completely at the mercy of circumstances, with guests invited to dinner and no means of getting that meal upon the table. But she had her day of mortification, one that might have been spared her if the education girls acquired in those days had been as practical as our modern ideas demand. The modern woman not only intends to avoid being helpless in any emergency, but equips herself so as to be completely efficient for all ordinary and to-be-expected occasions. She learns to order a dinner very early in her social career, perhaps from the necessity of studying hotel menus, if by no better means, and she becomes a judge of cookery through observation of others, if she is personally indifferent to the merits of exquisite dishes, as many women are.

No doubt it is men who keep cooks up to the mark, who excite ambition in the way of culinary discoveries and stimulate the efforts of housekeepers to do their best.

Left to themselves, women are prone to put up with makeshifts and exist upon scraps. Wily servants know that when the master is away there is little use in taking trouble for the madam; anything will answer the purpose, so it is daintily served. For upon the point of immaculate napery and the flower on the tray or table women are exigent. But there is an old couplet which I have been trying to recall in its entirety, expressive of the many wants of humanity that men can do without, and ending thus: "But where, oh *where* is the man that can do without dining?"

Verily, nowhere; he loves the ceremony of dinner and appreciates the splendor of handsome meals. If he does not precisely need to be kept in good humor through gratification of his gastronomic tastes, still that indulgence ministers much to his happiness. The dinner-party is to many absorbed business men almost the sole dissipation of their lives. If, haply, they can have it to their liking at home they prefer inviting their guests there to entertaining them at hotels. But that resource is

quickly resorted to if the domestic menage is defective. A woman who values her husband's esteem takes pains to become mistress of the art of dinner-giving. And year by year it grows easier, as methods of housekeeping get more systematic and co-operation reduces individual labor. Numerous dishes that were in former times prepared at home at vast expense of energy are now procurable, equally good, at the better groceries. A novelist of the last century spoke of her hero's intention to "send around his cards for a reception just as soon as his cook should have prepared enough white soup-stock." Evidently it was a matter of time. Nowadays one may have superb soup at ten minutes' notice by heating some cans of certain fine preparations world-renowed as being equal to the best home-made products. Nor do spices need to be ground nor sugar beaten out nor each and every species of dessert anxiously presided over by the mistress of the house. To order a complete dinner from a caterer lacks *chic*; it savors of patent hospitality, and all self-respecting women like to display their own capacities

as housekeepers by the introduction of novel dishes and original ways of serving. Perhaps most of the pretty inventions in that line are due to famous chefs; I forget, for instance, who it was that first suggested the serving of raw oysters in a block of ice; an excellent idea, perhaps emanating from the ambitious and talented Pierre Blot, who exhausted his invention for the sake of an ungrateful generation and died in poverty and obscurity.

But I do recollect that my own mother made a famous "hit" at a New Year's reception by adopting the idea, and setting upon her refreshment-table a shining crystal block, hollowed out to be the bed of the opaline bivalves, tempting in their plumpness to hungry men callers as the truant surfaces of the flying-trout to eager fishermen. And many a cunning device to whet appetite was due to this lady, whose acquaintances were always begging her to get out a cookery book, but who never found time to satisfy their demand in this respect. One of her great hobbies was beautiful table ware, and for the simplest occa-

sions she exacted as perfect service as if exalted guests were expected. Consequently she was never taken by surprise if some one happened in at dinner-time, and there was no flurry or irritation at having to entertain a casual visitor.

It is considerable trouble to live every day up to holiday pitch, to maintain the artistic atmosphere, the elegant ease that we desire to preserve in the eyes of our friends. Where one has perfectly trained French servants, deft and soft-footed, quick of perception and utterly patient, a "little dinner" becomes a treat to the givers as well as to the guests. Large affairs are merely extensions in the way of numbers; there is no other alteration or rearrangement. But this comfort is vouchsafed to few; in general we have to train our one or two maids and watch them vigilantly to see that they neither forget nor neglect to carry out our wishes.

It is well known that the good cook is born, not made. But the excellent waitress is a product of education. The mistress who has zeal and tact and perseverance can make over a raw Irish girl or a

pert mulatto, can instil routine into the dull-witted Dutch woman or gain the ascendancy over an obstinate Slav. The one essential is that she should be *genuine* herself, that what she practises accords with her teaching. To say one day that the silver must be kept shining and the fern neat in the épergne and the next day to overlook a slight degree of slovenliness because there is no one present but the family—"Only be careful that this never happens, Sarah, when any stranger is around!"—is sufficient to open the way for constant carelessness to the servant, who quickly imbibes the notion that it is the effect made upon the outside world which is the real object, not the keeping up of a high standard for the sake of one's personal respect.

After making sure that the service in your house is efficient the next thing is to secure for your little dinner at least one brilliant guest. This means a person of wit and conversation, either a man or a woman. One magnetic personality can carry off half a dozen dull people. But no effort of host or hostess can leaven a mass

of dullness. It is to be hoped, however, that the wit will not arrive in a sulky humor, refusing to show off, like a spoiled child feeling itself injured by a bad bargain. Professional entertainers, of the sort that Thackeray describes so delightfully in his *Pendennis*, who go to dinners with the avowed intention of exchanging so much talk for so much game and turtle, are shrewd calculators and throw over all those houses that do not satisfy their exhorbitant ideas. But who wants them? Is it not ever so much better to have only friends at one's board instead of unkind critics? Nor is it always well to invite the same brilliant personage. People weary of his tone, his mannerisms, his conceit. The giving of a dinner is always a new opportunity to bring the right people together and delight them by the infusion of a fresh element into the social atmosphere.

Regarding the seating of guests, the nicest tact is necessary. In our country there is scarcely any recognized order of precedence, with the exception of political position. At Washington there is a rigid code with which all women who entertain

must be well acquainted; but elsewhere there is larger liberty. Guests should be invited for a certain hour—seven o'clock is the most usual hour now—and dinner served promptly at ten minutes after that hour, whether all the guests have arrived or not. It is most unpleasant for a company to wait upon a single individual, and the persons who come late to a dinner deserve to suffer the small inconvenience of entering the dining-room alone. The butler, or maid-servant if only women servants are kept, announces in a low tone to the mistress of the house that dinner is served, and she then rises as a signal to the host that he is to take in the chief lady present, after which the others follow, she herself being last, with the man of most prominence. A few casual words to the company as to which companion is to fall to their lot is advisable, as there is then no hesitancy.

What nice work it is to pair guests wisely! The success of the dinner depends chiefly upon this point, for let the viands be delicious and everything else as it should be, if the people who cannot talk

to each other are placed in proximity the demon of silence will preside at the repast and the chill of discomfort prevail. Apropos of chills—the temperature of the dining-room should be well regulated, taking into consideration that it will gradually rise as the dinner progresses. A queer anecdote was related to me by a relative who entertained the late Ben Butler, brutally frank as he was splendidly talented. He happened to have been seated directly over a register, through which the hot air from the furnace was admitted into the room. By some mischance it was left open, and the choleric gentleman, always a hearty eater, became more and more uncomfortable as course succeeded course. Ignorant of the reason, he attributed it to the seasoning of the food, and, becoming suspicious of curry and paprica or red pepper, he began refusing hot dishes until, a sudden wift of warm air mounting up his back as he was mincing an orange sherbet, he broke out:

"Darn me, madam, if this isn't the damned hottest dinner I ever tried to eat in my life! I'm roasting alive!"

And then they investigated, and the butler shut the register.

It is even more important for the guests to be well chosen for a small dinner of, say, six or eight persons than for one of twenty. Happy that hostess whose "little dinners" are events in the lives of her guests, from whose house all will go away with pleasant memories of congenial acquaintances made and agreeable conversaton enjoyed. It is of more importance than what has been eaten or drunk. Most persons forget by to-morrow exactly the sort of food they have had, but they recall distinctly whom they have met and what kind of a time they had. A less little anxiety about viands and a little extra care as to the social part of an entertainment always pays in the end.

Not that the question of food should be neglected. Far from that. The season will regulate to some extent the selection of dishes. It is not good taste for any woman to strain her resources to feast her guests upon dainties that are too extravagant for her purse, and in lavishing money for a single occasion suffer restraint at home

for several. There are some women who thoughtlessly make their families pay for hospitality by serving the remains of a feast cold and cheerless for some days afterward. A man may well hate hospitality upon such terms. Let her calculate very judiciously the amount of food needed for the number of persons invited and order very little more than this amount. Overloaded plates are no longer the mode; a little of each course is proper, and where the dinner is served *à la Russe*, or in courses, just a small amount of each kind of food is placed upon a plate.

Upon the dinner-table there is less furniture than used to be the fashion. The places are laid with the required number of forks at the left, of course; ordinarily, one for meat and one for dessert, the fish being served with its proper fork on the plate, to avoid a tedious number of forks appearing on the table. On the right are a couple of knives and as many spoons, or even one dessert-spoon, for the same reason. The napkin rests folded upon a small square of bread or a roll at the center, and above, a little to the left, appear

several wine-glasses, one for claret, at least, and another for champagne. For a small dinner this is sufficient, the claret coming on with the soup, and the champagne with the *entrée*, or roast. A small glass of liqueur or cordial will be welcome, although a fine cup of coffee ought to answer moderate needs.

Much liberty is offered in regard to the table ornaments. An épergne, daintily garnished with enlacing greenery and flanked by four small dishes containing, perhaps, preserved ginger, some fancy chocolate crackers, or macaroons, and bonbons, is always in good taste. A single vase of rare flowers is as good as the épergne. Personally, I do not care for ribbon ornaments, but when tastefully disposed and of the right colors they are not amiss. A ring of electric-lights in flower form is cheerful, and I have noticed that it has an inspiring effect upon conversation. Why, I have not divined.

The following menu for a small dinner of six persons is a suggestion upon which a woman can easily enlarge, and is offered as a basis for original ideas.

Supposing the season to be winter:

Menu (printed in English)

Oysters on Half Shell
Julienne Soup Claret or Sherry
Sweetbreads with Tomato Sauce
Roast Wild Turkey, with Chestnut Stuffing
Saratoga Potatoes
Cauliflower, with Drawn-butter Sauce Champagne
Lettuce and Tomato Salad, with Mayonnaise
Cheese Wafers Celery
Nesselrole Pudding Fruits
Coffee

The cost of this dinner should not exceed, even with the present exalted price-list of the butchers, twelve dollars, exclusive of the wine. That may be what one likes. Our better brands of California wine are far more palatable than poor stuff with a French label, and if one cannot conscientiously purchase an excellent brand of imported wine, better buy the native article.

Spring dinners are dainty affairs, and offer an opportunity for genius. It was Thackeray's Monsieur Mirabeau, I believe, who talked sentiment to his young mistress in the form of culinary inspira-

tions, serving up for her young guests at their repast tender spring lamb garnished with peas, numerous side-dishes appropriately accompanied by delicate adjuncts, all bespeaking a peculiar sentiment, and ending up with ice-cream molded in the form of turtle-doves. But such dreams need sympathetic interpretation in order to be appreciated. Something in the way of delicate gastronomic appeal, however, is possible in the spring. Is this agreeable?

Menu for a Spring Dinner (Eight Persons)

Iced Claret
Maccaroni Soup, with small Crotons
Salmon, Lobster Sauce Chicken Croquettes
Cucumbers in Beds of Cracked Ice
Roast Lamb Green Peas
Roman Punch, frozen
Asparagus with Cream Dressing
Mayonnaise of Chicken
Pineapple Jelly with Whipped Cream Champagne
Neapolitan Ice-cream Little Cakes
Fruits

One may always have the fruits that are in season; for instance, in the spring a prettily arranged selection of oranges,

bananas, California pears, and white grapes will suffice. In the fall rosy peaches, pears, plums, and rich clusters of native grapes make a handsome piece.

Hamburg grapes at two dollars the pound are luxuries that no one appreciates more than the writer, yet if the purchase of them is an extravagance it were better to leave them altogether to the bloated millionaire and be satisfied with the abundance that our own rich California furnishes us. At midwinter clusters of London raisins, or, rather, the raisins that are called "London layers," are nice, interspersed with figs and dates. They should form one of the little corner dishes mentioned, to be minced instead of bonbons.

At an informal dinner the older fashion of carving at table obtains in many families, especially at holiday times. But it is a great tax upon the host, and is better avoided. If preferred, the turkey or shad, so handsome in their entirety, may appear for a moment upon the table and then be removed by the butler or maid to the side-table to be carved and served. I cannot see much sense in first cutting up the meat

in the pantry and *then* placing the dish before the host to serve. The fashion of serving the dinner in courses has many advantages, and is more often followed now than the other way.

One word upon the subject of home-made desserts. Nowhere else in the world are there such delicious desserts as in America. Foreigners may cavel at our taste for sweets, but once tasting the flaky apple-pie, the delicate cocoanut-puddings, the soufflé custards that come dainty and toothsome from the hands of his fair hostess, his prejudices must die the natural death and he become a convert to our cult of the aftercourse of the dinner. As for the American cakes—they are simply unapproachable. The English pride themselves upon their plum-cake. And they may, for it is their sole and only triumph. In France one may wander far and hunger much before finding anything to satisfy the appetite in the delusions and snares that sell under the name of *gâteaux;* mere icings put together with butter, and so rich and heavy that even the natives seldom eat more than a mouthful.

Once upon the occasion of a children's party in Paris I sought to have a real cake made, such as we order here for birthday fêtes. At an enormous price the order was taken, and when the product appeared it was a beautiful art creation, ornamented and picked out with roses and pleasing to the eye in its mingled tints of pink, chocolate, and white. But when it came to be cut—what a heavy mess it was! Imagine a pudding all of eggs, sugar, and butter, creamed together and baked in the oven, and you will have our cake. Even the little French children pretended to like it, but were obliged to leave it on the plates. I finally prevailed upon the *bonne* to carry it home.

The delicious desserts compounded of jellies, fruits, and creams that our girls learn to make for fun are *chef d'œuvres*, and nothing nicer can appear upon the dinner-table, even on the most ceremonious occasions. It is the young lady's function to help with the daintier part of the cooking, like making salads and desserts. At least it ought to be her privilege. It was Aaron Burr who said that nothing tasted so

good to a man as something coming straight to him from the delicate hands of a lady. When one has a masculine epicure to dine it will be conferring a happy surprise upon him to feast him upon some home-made dainties in the way of a dessert.

The great dinner differs from the little dinner only in being more elaborate. The same service that answers for the one should answer for the other, excepting, of course, that there are necessarily more table attendants. The butler takes complete charge of the service, and under him are one or two men who receive his orders and hand things under his directions. They take away plates and hand the minor articles, but the greater functionary has the distinction of placing before the host and hostess the chief dishes. It has from the oldest times been the business of the host to carve or serve out the meats, while the madam serves the sweets. Coffee is now generally brought into the drawing-room after the dinner, but if preferred it may be drunk at table. Then come the dainty finger-bowls, with their

slice of lemon or leaf of geranium, and all is over.

Menus are generally written in French, but this is a matter of choice. It is better to have them in English unless it is certain that your guests are familiar enough with the language to interpret the tautology of the French cuisine. Sometimes one or two handsome menus are engraved and are passed about among the guests. But I think it is nicer to have small individual menus, written out in pretty script by the hostess, with perhaps a special motto or epigram for each guest. Such a menu is a charming souvenir.

Invitations for small dinners are usually more informal than those for larger affairs. They are written in the first person and signed, while the others are in the third person. Guests naturally reply in the same manner. All invitations should be promptly responded to, and in order to allow for the probable refusal of one or more and supply the vacancy invitations are sent out at least ten days in advance. But the woman who made up her mind in advance that a certain acquaintance would

decline, and "killed two birds with one stone" by discharging her debt of courtesy to him and another person to supply his place when he should refuse committed the solecism of her life, for both accepted! It was as bad as the plight of the writer who sends a MS. to two editors at once and has the astonishment of taking them both in. But the delinquent never has but one chance to make these little jests upon fate. The chief object and aim of the dinner-party is not so much eating as recreation. To men it often furnishes the best and easiest occasion for convivial intercourse with the people they enjoy meeting, and women, more favored in opportunities of seeing their friends, still delight in the leisurely period of a dinner to indulge in the lingering, discursive charm of a real conversation. It is a disappointment beyond words to find oneself beside a disagreeable neighbor at dinner. The anticipation of two long dull hours in such a proximity may well take the taste away for the finest dinner possible to the imagination.

So in making out her dinner lists a hostess should carefully consider the con-

geniality of her guests. Certain persons may never be placed together. Husbands and wives are supposed to be divorced for the nonce; elderly people are not necessarily harmonious, and must be paired in regard to their personal idiosyncrasies rather than their social position. It is better to thrust an unexpected opportunity for real enjoyment upon a person than to give him what he expects sometimes. Guests should also realize the responsibility upon them of coming to a dinner in an agreeable frame of mind and doing their part to make the success of the occasion. Some fresh little anecdote, hoarded for the time, is often a delight to the hearers; some choice bit of social history —not scandal!—makes a happy hit. With amiability and the spirit of good will prevailing the dinner must be unsavory indeed that does not pass off with pleasure to a company of well-chosen guests.

Cynics say that after their departure madam draws a sigh, and murmurs, "Thank Heaven, that is finished!" But, on the other hand, those who know human nature even better relate that the cream of

an entertainment is raking up the coals into a handful in the living-room grate when the family and a few intimates are left to talk over the past enjoyment and to bask in certain reminiscences of a happy day.

IV

INFORMAL LITTLE NOVELTIES

ONE result of college life for women has been a more intimate knowledge of one another, and a mutual appreciation of the possibility of finding amusement in a society made up of entirely feminine elements. Men have always "flocked together" because their occupations naturally lead to intimacy, but the custom of women taking one another for comrades in pleasure, by preference, is modern.

In old times there was scarcely any other function to bring women together than the usual "calling" at one another's houses. It was a dull and conventional proceeding, accompanied by solid repasts and much bustle on the part of the hostess; but when the substantial repasts then required were replaced by the custom of

handing around tea and cake, entertaining in the afternoons became easier and more agreeable. Then came in slowly the real five-o'clock, with its dainty equipment of the little tea-table and pretty fantasies. Appointments were made and plans formed with regard to it as a real, fixed function. And notwithstanding all the novelties that have come in since, the afternoon tea remains as a settled custom that nothing else can replace.

But college life has given birth to another condition. It has made women, to a great extent, independent of marriage as an essential factor of happiness. "My mind to me a kingdom is," sings the modern maid, reveling in her Browning clubs, her dramatic societies, her debating club, and kindred associations. Culture has become so wide-spread, eager inquiry into every subject touching upon human progress so almost universal, that women are delighted to meet one another to have talks on all sorts of subjects and find immense enjoyment in the interchange of wit and fancy. They sharpen their minds upon one another and have relegated mere

gossip to another strata of society, made up of the few uneducated persons existing in byways and hedges. And even this small remnant is dying out rather fast, as a recent experience of a bright housekeeper proves. Being in modest circumstances, she employed what the French term a *femme de ménage*, or visiting-servant, by the hour. The one in question happened to be a colored woman of uncertain years, bright, alert, and thoroughly up to date in intelligence. The difficulty was to keep her from the current of conversation into which she plunged on arriving in the morning. Nothing was beyond the range of her interest—politics, social progress, international questions, the last public scandal, the newest society topic. It came about that the madam was put to it to reply to the searching observations of the ancient lady and formed the habit of sudden deafness; but that did not answer, for the serving-woman merely raised her voice to the pitch of necessary impression. Then the employer took to retreating to another room, but she was trapped and followed. The eloquent stream could not

be stemmed, and each day a new sparkle seemed to be added to the talker's wit. It became intolerable finally, and the sole recourse was to get rid of the too-knowing domestic.

"I positively refuse to be instructed by my 'Martha by the day' in all the items of social intercourse and national politics," averred the housekeeper. "I began to feel my ignorance, to be mortified at my inferior information. How the woman managed to keep up so well with all the news of the day is beyond me, but she seemed to have a private fountain of knowledge, for nothing was too new for her to be aware of it. My mind got absolutely weary, just keeping along in the ordinary path with her. Now I have a Swede, whose whole intelligence is taken up in the struggle with our tongue, so that she does not try to express complex ideas while at work. It is a relief."

Whether women of the working order take the time to exchange opinions with one another on such matters as politics and sociology is a question; but certainly women of the educated class do. And

certain unique functions have grown up out of this desire for feminine séances.

The bachelor maids' spread is a peculiar institution, slightly resembling college spreads, but with the added element of spinster decorations and allusions. On hiring an apartment it is now not unusual for the mistress of it to send out invitations to a certain number of her intimate friends for a "spinster party" from eight to ten or thereabouts.

The rooms are decorated with whatever she has in the way of pretty draperies and plants, cushions abound, a cozy corner is arranged, and little tables are set about for cards, games, and the succeeding refreshments—such eatables as can be prepared on the chafing-dish. Cards having been sent out at least ten days in advance, the hostess receives in a simple gown of rather severe make, her hair coiffed in spinster curls or ringlets. Every idea suggestive of the proverbial "old-maidism" is in evidence. If a cat does not belong to the establishment, one is borrowed for the occasion, to purr on the hearth, which is artificially arranged by sprigs of brush, a pair of brass

andirons, and a lighted lamp behind them, unless the rare bliss of an actual fireplace is one of the assets of the modern apartment. And this is most improbable. On a table prominently set forth in the middle of the floor is an array of sewing materials —thimbles, spools, scissors, and so forth, with several cut-out aprons to be run up by the guests, as they are supposed to set to work on some spinster occupation while they indulge in the gossip appropriate to their character as spinsters. Cheap little pictures of old maids are strung upon the walls for the nonce, replacing other pictures, and every little device that ingenuity can suggest to give the place more the appearance of an old maid's den adds to the fun of the evening. To give a particularly lively touch to the conversation, a young bachelor maid lately supplied herself with the radical volume of Sir Almroth Wright and read passages of it aloud, until the wrath of her guests was stirred to the pitch of intense indignation, when she could sit back and let the talk take care of itself. There was no lack of enthusiasm at that séance.

But the modern innovation among women is the club idea applied to entertainments. It has taken every conceivable form, from the "camping-out club" to the card and dinner clubs, formal or informal, as preference decides.

A camping club can be formed of from four to a dozen persons, or even more. There is no limit to numbers if congenial persons can be got together. Naturally, the summer is the time for this. A house of sufficient size, or tents, furnish the background for the housekeeping, an informal and perfunctory adjunct to the incessant recreations that succeed one another all the long, warm days. If there are men as well as women, some married couple chaperon the party; this gives rise to an agreeable division of labor, as the men can—as the young lover said when proposing to live with his mistress on bread, water, and love—hustle about to get the wood and water, while the girls make the bread and cake. A location by stream or lake, on a hill, where there is a view of sunrise and sunset, is the ideal for the camping site. There should be opportunity for

fishing excursions as well as a good tennis-ground and field for ball. If the camp is to endure any length of time it is worth while to make a place for dancing, either a good turf or a board floor with a canvas cover fixed to four poles. The mode of recreations will depend upon the ages of the campers-out, of course, young people being unable to exist long without the livelier amusements.

Another form of the club project is the dinner club, made up of a certain number of householders, who entertain one another in turn, going the entire round of members at least once in the course of a season. The dinners given should be semi-formal—that is, just the happy medium between the simple home dinner and the stately affair of ceremony. Subsequent entertainment should take the shape of music or cards, or a theatrical representation acted out by the members themselves, without recourse to professional talent. It is a good idea to select a number of simple comedies at the beginning of the season and rehearse them as leisure affords opportunity, so that when called upon at short no-

tice to act no one may be caught unprepared.

Luncheon clubs are run upon the same plan, but are composed exclusively of women. They are chiefly conversation clubs, and to prevent embarrassment some topic is previously indicated on the notice sent out to members. Nowadays there is an anxiety evident everywhere to avoid the ancient question, secretly agitated among guests expecting the ordeal of conversation —What shall I talk about? We are supplied with ready-to-talk subjects, as we are with ready-to-wear gowns, and all one has to do is to spend a little time in "getting up" some information on the matter in hand. This is a happy way of avoiding the dilemma of the well-known diner-out of history, who bought a complete encyclopedia in instalments, and got each by heart as it came to hand, so that he was extremely learned so long as discussions covered the alphabetical letters he had studied, but subsided into eloquent silence when it went beyond them.

Cards still solve many problems of the after-dinner amusements. But the special

card clubs of the progressive sort are now the favorite method of pursuing this occupation.

The afternoon card club, from three to six, is exempt from the trouble of providing refreshments. They are better omitted, for they merely disturb the concentration upon the game which veteran players like to bestow. A dinner may precede the card function, but should not be too long, as when people meet for cards they are apt to care comparatively little about anything else. Sometimes the club fees are appropriated to the purchase of prizes. This is a matter of club legislation.

A pretty, new device in clubs is the travel club, where each member in turn gives an entertainment at her house, taking a particular journey over again with her guests that she has actually taken previously. The time chosen is, naturally, the evening, when men as well as women are at leisure. The hostess sends out cards with the name of the especial journey she proposes to take written in a corner, as, "The St. Lawrence River Trip," or "To the Hebrides," or anything with which she

is perfectly familiar, and for which she has gathered material to furnish interesting information and make talk. Each guest has a chance to imbibe somewhere a bit of lore appropriate to the occasion, and on the occurrence of the meeting she is in the right atmosphere to enjoy what is coming. The making up of a particular *mise en scène* for a special travel-bout is something that may well exercise nice judgment. A good hostess will arrange her rooms with some reference to the country she proposes to talk about. Flags are hung around, a map or so may be in evidence, and, if possible, the refreshments handed about or partaken of at the table bring to mind some native dishes. This is easy when the subject is a well-known foreign nation, such as Japan, Russia, or Belgium. A little investigation into the usual habits as to choice of food may be made in the various restaurants of different nationalities if one resides in one of our large cities. Nowadays it is a "fad" to pass an evening occasionally at some restaurant having a distinct nationality, as a Hungarian restaurant, with Hungarian music

given by the band, dishes *à l'Hongrois*, cooked by a native chef, and followed by leisurely coffee, while looking on at dancing in the Hungarian fashion performed in costume. One thus has a taste of Europe without the necessity of making a long journey.

Turkish restaurants are at hand, also those run by Japanese and the industrious Chinamen. An intelligent woman on the search for new fancies may glean a handful of them by an evening passed at one of these native resorts. It goes without saying that some modification of the free and easy methods will be made in adapting them to the reserved atmosphere of an American home.

A very odd entertainment that I heard described only the other day, so to speak, by a well-known professional woman whose business is the devising of new modes of amusements, is the device which for want of a distinct title may be termed the Acting Audience. A number of bright, enterprising guests are secured for a certain evening, with the warning that all may be called upon to display their talents

in the way of acting, but no definite information given as to the specific parts they may be required to act. Then, when the gathering is complete, a space in the room is cleared, no attempt being made as to scenery or stage, a stage-manager chosen—great good judgment is necessary here, and if a person with experience can be secured it will enhance the probabilities of success—all the guests seated in front of the stage part, and the proceedings begin with the declaration from the stage-manager that a certain little comedy will now be enacted by members of the audience while the others criticize the performance; but after the critics have done their worst to pick out the weak spots in the representation they will in turn take their places as performers and be likewise cut to pieces. A number of cheap copies of the play will have been purchased, which the guests will hastily run over in order to get some general idea of the scheme of it, but the point is that a large liberty in the way of carrying out this scheme or plot is permitted, the one essential being that the characters are in some original way de-

veloped in the course of the acting. The woman who introduced this idea declared that in the whole course of her varied experience she had never seen so much real fun and wit as in a recent East Side humble entertainment at the home of a young matron whose resources were so limited in the way of hospitality that she was forced to make up in originality what she lacked in power to spend money on her friends.

In such an entertainment it will naturally be wise for the stage-manager to select some very simple and generally known comedy or, even better, a farce, so that it may not be hurt by a free interpretation, as the point of it all is in giving the guests scope for their undeveloped talents for acting. It nearly always affords people great delight to take an active part in any sort of theatricals, the natural impulse of most persons being to think that they can do ever so much better than those who have been trying to fill out a rôle. And the advantage of this sort of entertainment is that there is not too much opportunity given to any particular bore who may

happen to have crept in, as constant changing of the performers is the rule.

Another simpler form of modish entertainment is the Blue Stocking Evening. A rather limited number of guests should be invited, because the spirit of the occasion is rather intimacy than formality.

Cards are sent out for a Literary Evening, from, say, eight-thirty to ten-thirty, with the words "In Character" in one corner. Each guest then chooses some favorite character to personate during the evening, learning quotations to utter on appropriate occasions, and, of course, assuming as far as possible the characteristics of the author chosen for personation. It being a literary picnic, each guest will bring in some short recitation, either prose or verse, and at the right moment will entertain 'the company by reciting it. Such recitations should be limited to five minutes—no encores. Instead of quotations, original letters, supposed to have been written by the authors, can be substituted. Still another variation of this sort of evening is to have it a reunion of

wholly imaginary characters, as gnomes, fairies, mythical characters, and ghosts. Then in the place of quotations there may be speeches and conversations between the characters, a great deal of entertainment being derived from an interchange of views on worldly topics by characters coming from other spheres, as, for instance, the views of an inhabitant of Venus on the subject of Feminism or those of the realm of Neptune on Futurism applied to dress. Numberless variations may be spun out by an ingenious hostess who takes as her basis the modern fancy for specializing in the matter of entertainments—that is, having some specific plan in view instead of leaving things to chance.

In small towns, where conventionality is very much deferred to in matters of real import but often set at defiance by original spirits when it comes to social affairs, there has lately grown up a craze for patriotic teas and dinners. If held in private homes the decorations, nevertheless, copy the fashion of the hall dinner in the way of flags and flowers belonging to the particular festivity being celebrated. A Lincoln

dinner suggests at once a log-cabin design in the table decorations, servants habited in old-style negro raiment, such as was worn on plantations down South, and all sorts of such simple but delicately served and well-seasoned food as may be made a reminder of our early Western civilization. A course of corn-pudding is a distinctive thing, and for those who have never eaten this dainty it will be a gastronomic delight not soon forgotten. As the Lincoln dinner is a favorite one, a simple menu may be in order. It is suggested that there be for the first course a purée of soup, preferably bean or pea, either of which may be made so nice that its homeliness will not detract from its popularity. Then the roast comes without intervention of complications belonging to more advanced ways. With it vegetables are served, and there succeeds the *entrée*, salad, and dessert, and afterward nuts and fruit. For those to whom the corn-pudding alluded to—a real Lincoln dish, as the writer happens to know, because a cook employed at one time in the home of the martyr President afterward became the family domestic in her own

mother's home—may be unknown, the recipe is here given:

Scrape the corn from one dozen ears of sugar-corn, add four well-beaten eggs, half a pint of milk, quarter of a pound of butter (melted), one teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, quarter of a cup of grated cracker-crumbs, a cup of cream, or half a cup if it is desired to make the dish a trifle less rich, and beat together thoroughly. Pour into a buttered pudding-dish and bake carefully in a moderate oven for half to three-quarters of an hour. It must be served in the dish in which it was baked, and may be passed around as the *entre* course, with tiny bits of toasted bread.

V

THE ORIENTAL WAY

1. The Chinese Dinner

CHINESE cooking has become very popular of recent years in America. The restaurants are no longer merely resorts of curious idlers intent upon studying types peculiar to Chinatown, for Chinese restaurants have pushed their way out of Chinatown, and are now found in all parts of the large cities of America. Their patronage to-day is of the very best, and many of their dishes are justly famous.

One of the most popular of the New York restaurants recently engaged a Chinese chef with the intention of serving Chinese dishes.

There is no reason why these should not be cooked and served in any American home. It is true that the average Chinese

cook becomes as inscrutable as the sphinx when asked by a "foreign devil" for a recipe; and even when, under exceptional circumstances, he is induced to part with one, he generally leaves out a vital ingredient, so that the American seldom really obtains the true Chinese dish. That is why many who have experimented with Chinese cooking at home complain it does not taste the same as the dishes served in the Chinese restaurants.

The ingredients which go to make up the various Chinese dishes when not obtainable in the regular American stores can all be bought in the Chinese stores of the larger cities in America, particularly New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, and Montreal. They can be ordered by mail, packed carefully and expressed by these Chinese stores to any part of the country.

A Chinese dinner, properly served, proves a delightful and novel form of entertainment. It should be served, of course, in the purely Chinese fashion, which lends an added charm and mystery to the dishes themselves.

The table or tables should be of teak-

wood or some black, polished wood. In summer, if served on the veranda, bamboo may be used. It is not as effective as the teakwood, however.

The setting of the table should be in harmony with the fascinating and curious Chinese dishes. These are not the common, gaudy articles ("American-Chinese") which the guileless seeker in Chinatown purchases from the bland and impassive Oriental salesman, and which are spread abroad on the counters of Mr. Chinaman's stores for the especial benefit of his misguided American customers. Many of these articles are manufactured in America and are not Chinese at all. The Chinese themselves do not use them.

The nicest china is a certain kind of Canton ware, heavy, stubby, almost crude in shape and form. You will notice it on the tables of the high-class Chinese restaurants. Some of the pieces are in quaint forms, and the peculiar soup-spoons of figured porcelain or china ware, the tiny liqueur cups, and syou (sometimes called soy) cups are exceedingly pretty and attractive.

Chinese decorations should be hung upon the walls and suspended above the tables. The wall decorations consist chiefly of ornamental scrolls, Chinese paintings on silk or gauze (they are inexpensive and very showy), Chinese embroidery, etc. The swinging decorations consist chiefly of bells and gongs, ornamental flowers, and short Chinese swords of "cash," each coin worth but the fraction of a cent, but treasured as a good-luck symbol.

Table-cloths are not used by the Chinese, the meal being served on the bare, polished table. If, however, cloths are especially desired, only Chinese linens should be used, and these should never be a dead white. Blue, purple, or yellow cloths, with especial designs, blend satisfactorily with the Chinese ware, with its bright colorings and fantastic designs.

In the center of the table a Chinese bonbon-dish is set. This is an elaborate and beautiful article and takes the place of the American centerpiece. It can be very costly or inexpensive. It has about six to eight compartments, each of which is filled with what one might call Chinese

hors d'œuvre, such as sugared and preserved ginger, lychee nuts, lily-root candy, almonds salted and sugared, limes in syrup, melon-seeds salted and baked, sugared beans, and other sweets and nuts, all obtainable in Chinese stores, and perfectly delicious—superior, in my opinion, to any of the Western confections. There are certain Chinese seeds, nuts, and candies that would delight the palate of the most exacting of epicures. Chinese preserved ginger is famous. Bought in sealed cans in the Chinese grocery stores, it is much cheaper than that sold in American stores.

Four Chinese bowls, containing white pebbles and Chinese lilies (grown from the bulb), are placed at the four corners of the bonbon center bowl. These are the flower decorations, and very quaint and attractive they are, when in flower especially.

At each place is set a small tea-cup, handleless, a tiny liqueur cup, about twice the size of a thimble, a porcelain or china spoon—a very pretty article, usually artistically decorated—and a pair of chopsticks. A fork may be substituted for

chopsticks, though the manipulation of the latter is an easy matter, and adaptable to Chinese food. Knives are never used, as all the food is cut in small pieces.

Bread, butter, potatoes, etc., are never used by the Chinese. Tea is drunk plain, with neither sugar nor cream, but great care should be used in the brewing of the tea. After pouring the boiling water over the tea-leaves it should not be allowed to stand more than two or three minutes before serving, and on no account set upon a hot stove where it will be likely to boil.

Rice, of course, is indispensable at a Chinese dinner, and this should be cooked in that peculiarly delectable fashion of which the Oriental people alone are past-masters. The secret of the solid, flaky, almost dry, yet thoroughly cooked rice lies in the fact that it has not boiled more than thirty minutes, is covered about twenty minutes, then uncovered and set on the back of the stove till the water has simmered and been absorbed, then it is covered with a cloth or napkin till ready to serve. Mushy, overcooked, wet, slimy

rice is never served by the Chinese. Sweetened rice, rice-puddings, etc.,are never eaten by the Chinese. Rice, in fact, takes the place of such staples as bread and potatoes. It is served in round, deep, individual bowls, that are replenished constantly throughout the meal.

In China, with the exception of rice, bonbons, etc., food is served in one large dish or bowl, out of which all eat, using their chopsticks. Considerable etiquette governs the manner of picking desired morsels from the bowl, it being bad form and a sign of ill-breeding to seize greedily upon the choicest pieces or to eat more quickly than your neighbor.

A Chinese dinner begins with tea or with Chinese whisky or wine, which is drunk throughout the meal, a sip at a time, as it is very strong. No sugar or cream is used. Syou, a Chinese sauce similar to Worcestershire, is served with the meats. Syou, or soy, is obtainable at almost any Chinese store. Worcestershire and all similar European sauces are said to be adaptations of the original Chinese syou, and most of the European

sauces contain syou in their make-up. It lends a flavor to any dish, and is greatly esteemed by the Chinese.

Little wooden toothpicks are used to eat the preserves with. They are very pretty, sometimes made of silver and ivory, and would make charming favors. Paper napkins are used. They come in a variety of colors and designs.

Following is a typical Chinese menu which can be prepared in any American kitchen. The dishes are served in this order:

Tea and Chinese Wine
Gar Grun Yung Waa (Bird's-nest Soup)
Ten Suin Gune (Sweet and Sour Fish)
Boo Loo Gai (Pineapple Chicken)
Duck Chow Main Gar Lu Chop-suey
Deviled Cucumbers
Chinese Dried Mushrooms and Green Peppers
Golden Limes Preserved Apricots
Lychee Nuts Pickled Sour Ginger
Assorted Chinese Cakes

The recipes for the various dishes are given below. The dish in each case is sufficient for six persons.

Gar Grun Yung Waa (Bird's-nest Soup)

1 lb. bird's-nest
1 qt. of chicken-soup stock
2 hard-boiled eggs
½ lb. of cooked breast of chicken
½ lb. of minced ham
1½ teaspoonfuls of salt

Bird's-nest is obtainable at any Chinese store. It is a gelatinous composition, a species of seaweed, with which certain Chinese birds—the esculent swallow, the white-backed swallow, the gray-backed swallow—build their nests. It is also found in Java. It is one of the most delicious of Chinese foods, and esteemed and praised not alone by the Chinese, but by all travelers in the Orient.

To make the soup the bird's-nest is first boiled one hour, then drained and put into cold water. Meanwhile the cooked chicken meat is well pounded so as not to be in large or hard pieces, and a cup of the cold stock is added to it. Next the bird's-nest is taken from the cold water and well drained and added to the soup-stock. Boil for half an hour. Now the chicken meat is added and also the eggs, the latter having previously been finely crumbled.

The soup is taken off the fire as it begins to boil again after the last addition. Before serving the minced ham is sprinkled on top.

Ten Suin Gune (Sweet and Sour Fish)

2 lbs. of sea-bass
1½ cups of water
1½ tablespoonfuls of sugar
1 tablespoonful of salt
2½ tablespoonfuls of vinegar

Clean a sea-bass weighing two pounds. Take out all the insides, taking care to keep the fish whole. Put it into a medium-sized deep dish, large enough to fit the fish, pour over it nearly boiling water, covering the fish completely. Cover with a lid to fit the dish. Do not boil, but keep it hot for one hour. Prepare the following sauce: to a cup and a half of cold water add one tablespoonful of salt, one and a half tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix all smoothly, and boil until it thickens, stirring constantly to prevent burning. Dish the fish up and place on a dry, hot platter. Pour over it the sauce and serve with rice.

Boo Loo Gai (Pineapple Chicken)

1 young chicken, about 2½ lbs.
1 tablespoonful of sweet lard
1 tablespoonful of syou
1 can of preserved pineapple

Wash and singe a fresh young chicken and cut off all the flesh. Slice in small pieces. Put a tablespoonful of sweet lard in the pan and fry the chicken a golden brown. Add one tablespoonful of syou, then one can of preserved pineapple, and cook very slowly for fifteen minutes. Dish up very hot and serve with rice.

Duck Chow Main

1½ lbs. of chopped duck meat
½ lb. of threaded breast of cooked duck
2 hard-boiled eggs
½ lb. of noodles
1 qt. of peanut-oil
1½ teaspoonfuls of salt
4 ozs. of pork
2 stalks of celery
1 onion
½ lb. of fresh mushrooms
2 tablespoonfuls of syou

Have the peanut-oil boiling hot, then toss the noodles in (use very fine noodles). Fry until crisp, then take from oil and strain off all fat, while preparing the

following: take four ounces of pork (lean), chop and fry a light brown; now add the duck meat, also chopped fine. Fry both together for ten minutes. Add two stalks of celery, cut small, one chopped onion, and one-half pound of fresh mushrooms cut in slices. Add to those one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of syou, and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Take the noodles, which have been thoroughly drained from fat, and place on hot platter, forming a layer at bottom of dish. Place the duck, etc., on top, and lastly a layer of finely threaded duck breast. Garnish with the yolks of eggs crumbled on top. Serve very hot.

Gar Lu Chop-suey, with Chinese Dried Mushrooms

½ lb. of pork
½ lb. of beef
⅛ clove of garlic
2 onions
½ bunch of celery
½ lb. of Chinese dried mushrooms
1 doz. lotus seeds
½ can of bamboo sprouts
1½ lbs. of bean sprouts
2 tablespoonfuls of syou
1½ teaspoonfuls of salt
Dash of Cayenne pepper

First thoroughly wash the dried Chinese mushrooms in several waters. Pull off all the stalks and put to soak for ten or fifteen minutes, while preparing the following: cut in small pieces about one-half a pound of pork (not too fat) and one-half pound of beef, also cut small. Fry in a tablespoonful of sweet lard until a nice brown. Chop half a bunch of celery, and add with the dried mushrooms (drained) to the meat. Chop up two onions very small and a diminutive piece of garlic, two tablespoonfuls of syou, salt, and a dash of Cayenne. Add, and let all boil slowly for ten minutes. Slice the lotus seeds and add these, then the half-can of bamboo sprouts. Let all cook another five minutes. Lastly, add one and a half pounds of bean sprouts and cook ten minutes more. Serve with rice.

Deviled Cucumbers

Peel cucumbers and place in dish with a handful of salt. Leave for ten minutes, then rinse with very cold water and drain. Place a tablespoonful of sweet lard (butter or olive-oil if preferred) in pan, and when

very hot fry the cucumbers, rolling them about in the pan and taking care not to break them. Add a tablespoonful of syou and a dash of Cayenne. Cover tightly and simmer until transparent.

Chinese Mushrooms and Green Peppers

Wash and soak one quart of Chinese dried mushrooms, pulling off all the stalks, and cut in slices. Clean and cut up three sweet green peppers, one small onion, a grain of garlic, and a tablespoonful of syou. Place one tablespoonful of olive-oil in pan, and when hot put in the mushrooms. Fry for five minutes. Add the other ingredients, a teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar. Simmer gently for fifteen minutes.

Golden limes, preserved apricots, lychee nuts, pickled sour ginger, assorted cakes, etc., all come prepared, and can be bought in any Chinese store.

2. The Chinese Tea

Possibly no form of Chinese entertainment at home is more popular than a

"Chinese tea." "Tiffin" in the East is something not merely the natives, but foreigners in China and Japan, cannot do without. Here in America "tea" served Chinese fashion becomes a pretty function to which one may cheerfully bid one's friends.

Chinese decorations—lanterns, incense-bowls, etc.—and Chinese flowers, these are all one needs to give the Oriental touch to the most commonplace of American rooms for this special occasion. Chinese roses are always used on festive occasions, and these are inconceivably beautiful. They are very decorative, being as large and as brilliant in color as peonies. Beautiful artificial flowers are obtainable in all the Chinese stores; indeed, there are many Chinese and Japanese stores entirely devoted to the sale of these lovely artificial flowers.

I attended a tea in China given in the studio of a famous French artist. Almost the entire room was decked with artificial roses (Chinese roses), and so lifelike were these, with their dark-green background of leaves, that it took some time to realize

they were not real. To add to their attractiveness our host obtained a number of very large butterflies, and these, set loose in the room, fluttered gaily about the flowers. The effect was charming, refreshing, and graceful (it was a cold winter day). In China and Japan butterflies, and for outdoor entertainments fireflies, are always used at parties, the latter being set free from cages at dusk, and helping the lanterns actually illuminate the gardens.

Tea should be served from six to seven. Of course, five-o'clock tea is always nice, when only tea and little cakes are served, but this is a function that takes the place of what the English call "high tea," and one's guests must be given something substantial to eat. It is something between a tea and a supper, but is a meal.

A library, living-room, or studio is a more desirable place to serve tea than the dining-room or drawing-room. In fact, it should be a room where there are wide couches, window-seats, stools, low seats, etc., for no tables are set for this repast. Everything is served on Chinese

tea-poys, those small trays that are like small tables with their legs cut short.

Tea-poy means in Chinese a post. These come in sets of three or four, and are in form exactly like the tables used for euchre, the latter being really adaptations of the original Chinese tea-poys. The tea-poys are placed at the guests' elbows. Trays can be placed on couches for those guests who like to take their refreshments reclining.

Nothing is nicer than a delicious cup of finely flavored Chinese tea properly brewed and served. Nothing is poorer than a sloppily made, dingy, boiled, or stewed cup. Pay very especial attention to the making of tea. If possible, prepare it on the table or, at any rate, in the same room in which it is to be served. The most expensive teas allowed to boil or made with water that is not boiling, but merely hot, are not as fragrant as the poorest kind of tea properly made.

To make Chinese tea to perfection, thoroughly rinse and scald a Chinese tea-bowl with boiling water. Place a teaspoon of tea to each cup required. Do not allow

the water to boil more than a moment, but as soon as "crabs' eyes" begin to show in the bottom of the kettle brew the tea. To each teaspoonful of tea allow one ordinary cup of boiling water. Pour the water over the leaves and steep for not more than three minutes. Pour off tea from leaves and make it fresh again and again until your tea-party is over. For those who must have their tea sweet I suggest the little Chinese sugared flowers. Lemon, brandy, caraway-seeds, or cream — all of these Chinese tea-drinkers regard with undisguised amusement, considering them the "foreign-devil" accompaniment of Chinese tea.

Here are two recipes for the famous almond and gold cakes so often served with the delicious Chinese afternoon tea:

Almond Cake

2 cups of rice flour
½ cup of chopped almonds
¼ cup of almond-oil
1½ cups of powdered sugar

Mix two cups of rice flour, one and a half of powdered sugar, and half a cup of

blanched almonds, chopped very fine. When thoroughly mixed work in the almond-oil. Moisten with two beaten eggs. Use no water. If too stiff, use another egg. Roll about a quarter of an inch thick and cut in fanciful shapes. Place half an almond in the center and bake one hour in a moderate oven. These cakes will keep a long time if kept in a tin box.

Gum Lu (Gold Cakes)

1½ cups of rice flour
1 cup of honey
1/5 cup of chopped mixed nuts
2 teaspoonfuls of goose fat
2 yolks of eggs
1 pinch of salt

To one and a half cups of rice flour add a pinch of salt. Work two teaspoonfuls of clarified goose fat into flour. Chop up about a quarter of a cup of mixed nuts very fine. Beat the yolks of two eggs and mix all together. Lastly, pour in one cup of raw, dark honey. If it is too moist, add more flour. Stir it for ten or fifteen minutes thoroughly, then pour in small, fancifully shaped cake-pans, oiling the pans well. Bake two hours in a slow oven.

VI

OUTDOOR ENTERTAINMENTS

1. Dining on the Roof

THE city roofs are an undiscovered country. Why economic man, usually so alive to the value of space, should allow so much of it to go to waste is especially surprising at a season when the roof catches all the breezes for which humanity is suffering in the houses and streets below.

At night a roof is as comfortable as an open lawn in the country; more so if it is a high one on top of one of the much despised sky-scrapers. Then it is more like the top of a mountain, with its sweeping view of the surrounding country, of setting sun and rising moon. There is no more perfect place to watch the wonderful

progression of the stars from east to west, to study out their mysteries and marvel at their beauties, where neither hill, house, nor tree intervenes.

We did not discover our roof until last summer, so that we cannot afford to be too scornful of our unenlightened neighbors. We watched them crowding their front steps and fanning desperately at open windows, and then raised our eyes pityingly to the breeze-swept roofs above them, remembering our own unenlightened state of the summer before.

We were unusually fortunate in finding our roof particularly inviting. There was a high cornice, so that the dizziest person could not lose her head, and a flat-tiled roof that could easily be kept clean. Deck canvas would make a very good substitute for the tiles if any of you find that your roofs are covered with tin or gravel.

We immediately invested in some steamer-chairs and spent long, happy evenings inviting the breezes to blow and studying the courses of the stars.

Our happiness reached a climax, however, when we discovered that we could

give picnic dinners and share our breezes and stars with our friends.

The practical obstacles to our plan made us hesitate for a second, only to discover means for overcoming them as the idea developed. Furniture, dishes, food, must all be transported hither, and servants must not be disgruntled. We had an elevator, but there was one flight of stairs beyond it. It was understood, of course, that all the roof dinners were to be picnic dinners with the minimum amount of furniture, dishes, napery, and service. Each person was to carry all she could when she went up.

Two folding card-tables solved the table problem very comfortably. They were easy to carry, and when placed together seated us all without crowding. We did not solve the chair problem satisfactorily last summer, but intend this summer to have either folding canvas chairs or folding garden-chairs costing from one to two dollars each. If we have garden-chairs we will keep them on the roof under a tarpaulin, so that our dresses will not be stained with rain and soot. The folding

canvas chairs are easily carried up and down or packed under the tarpaulin, whichever may be more convenient.

We bought white paper napkins by the quantity, but found a paper table-cloth impracticable on account of the wind. We used our simplest dishes and as few of them as possible. We were able to carry up all that were needed on one tray and thus lessen the danger of breakage. If one wished to make it still more of a picnic and save the labor of dish-washing afterward, paper plates and dishes could be used.

A secondary tray bore the food, with individual assistance from guests and hostesses. A large low basket or hamper would have been very useful for carrying both food and dishes. Still better possibly would have been one of the large wooden trays with high sides, such as one sees in country hotels. A folding-stand to hold it while the table was being set would also have saved much inconvenience.

Our dinners were, of course, always cold. They were made up of cold meat or chicken, rolls, salad served with the meat, and a dessert, usually ice-cream. Here are a few

of our menus planned from the standpoint of minimizing service:

I

Chicken in Aspic
Cherry Salad with French Dressing
French Rolls Pickles
Claret Lemonade
Vanilla Ice-cream Cup Cakes

II

Cold Lamb, Mint Sauce Cold Biscuits
String-bean Salad, French Dressing
Cream Cheese
Plain Lemonade Cantaloups

III

Cold Roast Beef, Horseradish Sauce
Lettuce Sandwiches Spanish Salad
Tomatoes and Green Peppers
Fruit Lemonade Coffee Mousse

Our roof soon became a very popular evening resort for those obliged to spend the hot weather in the city. We even found that by placing our lamp in a corner protected by the high cornice we could read and study there in comfort.

A few city roofs have been made into

more or less elaborate roof-gardens, charming but expensive, with rustic houses, awnings, and flowers. In this way they can be made very attractive for use in the daytime as well as in the evening.

For a moderate outlay it would be possible to have a few flower-boxes filled with hardy geraniums and vines, a canvas swing with a wooden standard and adjustable awning cover, a few covered beach chairs, and possibly one of the new metal tables with a huge eight-foot khaki umbrella over it. Bay-trees and box-trees growing in tubs would add very much to the garden effect.

If you can indulge in more permanent furniture, the rustic hickory tables and chairs will weather storms very well, and one of the new hand-woven rush mats will take away from the bare effect of the roof floor.

If your roof is your own it will make a splendid out-of-door sleeping-room for you. For protection from sun and storm you can have either an awning or a tent. Some people put up small houses inclosed on all sides with windows or shutters that

can be easily closed in a storm. The portable houses are very practicable and not at all expensive.

Canvas army cots make fairly comfortable beds and are easily manipulated. A canvas tent with several of these is undoubtedly the cheapest outfit for roof-sleeping. If the roof is high above those around it, so that the occupants will not be exposed to surrounding windows, the large canvas swings with box springs and mattresses and adjustable awning covers will be more comfortable than the tent-covered cots when there is no danger of storms. They have the added advantage of being easily transformed into mere awnings in the daytime without the slightest suggestion of beds.

If your roof is impracticable for summer use on account either of a slight slant or of a low coping, you may be able to have a temporary floor put in with a raised coping that can be removed with it in the fall. Frequently, if the roof is large and covered with gravel, a partial floor is built in one corner with a protecting railing. This small portion may also have a roof with

annual vines, planted in boxes, draping its rustic pillars.

Soot from adjacent chimneys is a difficulty not easily overcome. In fact, there seems to be no cure for it other than to cover chairs when not in use with canvas tarpaulins. If mosquitoes are troublesome at that height, as they too frequently are, the little roof-house may be screened in like a country porch.

If you must be among the "stay-at-homes" this summer, why not invest a small portion of the amount you would spend on a vacation trip in making your roof habitable? When you explore it you may find it as comfortable as we found ours, at least for evening use. If your city is on the coast, you may find yourselves the envied possessors of ocean views and breezes; if in the interior, of river and meadow views, second only to those from the surrounding hills and mountains.

2. Hunt and Golf Luncheons

The shooting luncheon is often a most elaborate affair, served in the house, with

the usual retinue of servants and plenitude of luxurious food. But sometimes it is another but quite as enjoyable a thing: an outdoor repast, of which the practical point, the cooking-tent, is as much in obscurity as possible, while the pastoral glamour is spread over the little feast. Up to October there is no reason why the lunch should not be served out of doors, comfortable wicker chairs and small tables being provided on the lawn, where the food is quickly conveyed by deft-handed attendants from the tent presided over by an expert cook or chef. For this is no make-believe repast, consisting of filmy nothings, but a splendid luncheon provided for hungry men, keenly alive to the comfort of substantials, with good wines and perfect coffee to follow.

In our climate—that is, that which generally prevails in the Eastern and Middle States — September furnishes the richest feasts in the shape of seasonable fruits and vegetables. It is in good taste to have table decorations harmonize with the season, having a centerpiece of rich grapes and pears and peaches mingled with

autumn leaves, some especially pretty specimens of the maple and oak leaf being formed into individual bouquets for each place at the table.

A sort of tradition of English plenitude clings to men's ideas of what is appropriate to hunting luncheons, and they like roast beef or mutton, steaks and kidney stews, potpies and birds on toast that have something on their bones—not the trifling reedbirds that are often merely delusions and snares to appetite. Good fresh bread there should be, and crisp toast with the excellent salad. Cheese is in order, but less attention need be given to desserts, for to the healthy outdoor hunger of men and women engaged for hours in the excitement of the chase sweets are little welcome.

The hunting hostess has an important rôle before her, for the hunt luncheon is not the least part of the enjoyment of the hunt. It fills in the leisurely interval after the hard morning, spent in going over the pleasures of the chase after pheasant and hare that gave good sport. In England the repast is often served just at the edge of the forest, on a single long table, roughly

but substantially constructed of logs, over which are boards covered by a white cloth. This use of one table, when the party is not too large, brings the crowd into more social relations and makes the occasion really convivial. The mingling of women in this sport is of comparatively modern fashion. Not so very long ago a woman who went shooting was deemed "rather rapid," and the feminine element on the field was a secret discomfiture to the men. Time has changed all that. At present many noted society women are rated among the best shots, and they give the men considerable occupation in keeping abreast of their skill with the rifle and shot-gun. To be the attendant loader of a woman of this kind is no sinecure, for the business of quickly changing guns is quite an art in itself. The best modern gun for women is the sixteen-bore, which is light and sure of aim.

Portable stoves are an essential part of the equipment for an outdoor lunch, and they are always placed in advance in the cooking-tent along with a complete outfit of utensils and dishes, so that service may be

as rapid and smooth as if the meal was indoors. Everything that is meant to be hot ought to be really *hot*, not lukewarm. Few things are more distasteful than half-warmed dishes whose flavor depends on the preservation of the very spirit of the fire that has aroused their elements to harmonious mingling.

It is alleged that shooting is just "making a business of pleasure," and that now, when our wild animals are become so tame and sport is almost a thing of hypocrisy the continuation of it is only a luxury of idle millionaires put to it to get through the long autumn days. However that may be, while the pastime continues there is no reason for not adding to it the adjunct that makes it the more human and sociable; the luncheon brings the whole crowd together in agreeable informality and perhaps furnishes a simpler mode of deepening mere acquaintanceships into friendships than almost any other outdoor game. In everything else the wits of persons are pitted directly against one another and the sense of rivalry is immediately aroused. The golf temper has

been talked about as something formidable, and in older games, such as croquet and archery, jealousies and rages were only smothered by hard-remembered nursery lessons in decent courtesy. But hunting affords opportunity for mild sarcasms, for adroit criticisms, but less chances of enmity, the real issue nowadays being scarcely who has bagged the most game, but who has shown most the spirit of the true sportsman and genial good fellow.

Besides the hunt luncheon, hunt teas are given, little meals of the nature of the everlasting five o'clock, served in the same fashion, but unfailingly provided with dainty sandwiches of thin bread and butter inlaid with minced meat or with marmalade, whose accompaniment is the steaming tea-urn. Whether the tea be made after the recipe of Leigh Hunt or that of the Chinese authority, both given in due course above, or made after some especial formula of the hostess, reckoned by herself infallible, by all means let it be perpetually and sizzlingly *hot*. It is a pleasant surprise, as a rule, to receive from the hands of a charming little lady

who is acting hostess at a lawn tea a cup of absolutely drinkable tea, hot enough to dissolve the sugar and to relieve that craving for internal comfort tired nerves begin to feel about this hour of the day.

Hot bouillon is not amiss at the hunt tea, and, if perfectly made, few things are better appetizers or stimulants for the late dinner. I have myself tried nearly all the ready-made preparations, and prefer the home-made bouillon to any of them. It should be clear as amber and have the accompaniment of salted crackers or tiny crotons and be served in dainty bouillon-cups.

3. Beach Spreads

It was mid-July, and a night when to escape the swarming mosquitoes became the chief object of life. "Let's build a fire on the shore," suggested a bright spirit. "And take along something to cook, so as to turn the fire to good use," added another. Done—amid jubilant applause. One able-bodied person carried a coffee-pot and casserole, that modernized mud-bowl of our ancestors; some one else carried a

bag of rolls and a jar of olives, together with an onion hastily begged of the cook upon her asking what seasoning it was proposed to put into the fricassee daringly suggested by the inquisitive person who had spied out half a cold roast chicken and some slices of ham on the pantry shelf. Some boiled rice was the spoil of another helper, and the salt and pepper was triumphantly borne aloft by the man who prided himself upon his presence of mind. As the procession moved off the cook was seen wildly waving something aloft in the back doorway, which proved to be a piece of butter well wrapped in oiled paper. It certainly came in conveniently later on.

Some other matters of a minor nature were several dozens of unopened oysters, contraband goods at the minus "R" season, but accidentally of excellent quality, having been trapped that same day by the small boys of the family while doing some deep-sea fishing, and reluctantly given up on the assuaging application of a dollar bill to their wounded sensibilities. "Roast oysters, oh my!" articulated the Western

girl on a visit, to whom seashore delights were novel pastimes. And roast oysters it was, as soon as enough sticks and logs had been industriously collected by the half-dozen men of brawn and the match applied to the splendid pile. It was a picturesque sight, those strikingly costumed men and women of all ages, in ulsters and sweaters hurriedly drawn over evening attire, dodging about the fire with little shrieks of dismay and astonishment as the oysters sputtered and the mess in the casserole gave forth natural odors. Most of the party, which numbered about a score, sat on shawls and wraps on the sand, while the active ones busied themselves in the play-housekeeping. They meanly criticized when the coffee boiled over and did not ignore the absence of sugar, which appeared so impossible a deprivation that the youngest member of the party was despatched on a wild chase to the house for it while the feast waited. Each person being supplied with a paper plate, adroitly slipped in by the old housekeeper along with the box of crackers and a cup—also an afterthought and the occasion of another

trip to the house—hot oysters began to walk along, convoyed on chips, and slid onto the waiting plates until the cooks rebelled at the appetites of the feasters and went on strike for rations. Then the Western girl and her devoted pair of attendants confidently undertook their turn at the spit, and finished the bivalves amid applause. Second course from the casserole, consisting of a most savory stew, was shoveled onto the accommodating plates, and, eked out with crackers and the little dinner rolls, made up a decidedly substantial feast for the hour of the night —ten o'clock. Naturally, the New York girl had a fresh box of bonbons up her sleeve, and the men dispensed Egyptian cigarettes *ad libitum*. Now singing began in a great spontaneous burst, and the beach was made hilarious with all the latest sentiments, from Gotham flung onto the warm night air. Mandolins appeared in mysterious fashion, a banjo sprang forth as by magic, and the superb tenor of the musical guest led an amateur concert that made the fierce buzzing of hateful insects appear but incidental discords from a badly tuned in-

strument in the most obscure corner of the orchestra.

And when singing became old story-telling became popular, and while the two men of tireless energy kept the fire supplied with logs that gave forth a bright blaze which lit up the faces of pretty women and betrayed touchingly confidential attitudes in some newly married couples present, old sea tales were rolled forth by the host, a genial giant of a being, with the full brown beard and merry eyes of one of Conrad's heroes and a big voice that penetrated ears half deaf to any other melody than that being whispered near by.

The esthete rose and gracefully began kicking the paper bags and oyster-shells into the waves as they rose nearer on the beach, observing that they interfered with his sense of fitness. Then the small boys, who had been bribed into passivity hitherto, rose to the enjoyment of their natural privileges and with a whoop began an Indian war-dance on the sand with so much vigor that the grown persons began to feel renewed energy in exhausted frames, and, seizing partners, joined in an impromptu

tango, the only motion possible on such a flooring; and soon the entire crowd was whirling about, heat and languor forgotten, while the "sad sea waves" beat a mighty but soft accompaniment to the dance which ended the beach spread.

VII

THE QUESTION OF DECORATIONS

ONE departure from old-time arrangements that strikingly emphasizes the desire for originality is the tendency to specialize in decorations so as to establish an intimate association between the season and the kind of feast being given. We now have luncheons and dinners with color schemes matching Nature's own tints for the season, as, for instance, violet tones for spring, rose-red for July, white for Christmas, pale green for June, and so on, to an infinite variety. It is a pretty idea, and when tastefully carried out affords delight to the eye of an appreciative guest.

For luncheons given at the Easter season nothing is so appropriate as violets for decorations. The general tone of the entire table, even of the rooms, may follow

out this plan. A faint purplish hue can be given to the light by crêpe-paper shades over the chandeliers and by covering the candlesticks with purple ribbon which reflect the glow. If it is desired to emphasize it even more effectually the lace curtains may be temporarily lined with thin violet silk. The table centerpiece should be a flat glass dish for the foundation, filled with fresh, dewy violets and asparagus-fern or maidenhair. At each plate is a tiny individual bouquet of the same blossoms, tied with purple ribbon. Dainty little Indian baskets filled with the flowers, or, if preferred, with candied violets, are the favors, arranged on the place-cards. In the summer, when one has a chance to gather up inexpensive souvenirs such as Indian wicker ware at seashore resorts it is a good idea to recollect how useful such things may be afterward and make a collection of them while opportunity offers. Special stores in town charge very high for these trifles.

Some adherence to the color scheme ought to be observed in the dessert, as ice-cream molded in the form of violets or

violet-colored cakes, the icing, of course, making the tone.

A July dinner may glow with roses, American beauties or the ordinary garden roses so sweet and fragrant at this season. Too much red here is likely to convey the suggestion of a hot day, something more comfortable by absence, so a judicious infusion of green with the roses will take away from the surplus of ruddy color. It was an English poet, I believe, who accused his countrymen of not being fond enough of color and of sticking to dull, sober tints, although Nature constantly invites them to a revelry of beautiful hues. "Colors are the smiles of Nature," he remarked, and the saying is worth remembering for the rare beauty of the suggestion. It is certain that to be successful a color scheme must produce an impression that at once harmonizes with the occasion and yet varies it by some subtle touch of fancy. There must be no dull monotony.

So, although red prevails for the July dinner, it will be well to get in a small surprise by the introduction of something more mellow and subdued in the matter

of finish. Let the gowns of the young daughters of the house be filmy white, underlaid with rose, which gives the effect of fire under snow; or else complete the repast with a little transformation scene to the garden, where iced coffee will be served under the gracious light of amber lanterns, deferring to, yet varying, the fixed tone of the occasion.

Few among us dare undertake to make many innovations upon the old-time Christmas dinner. Always and everywhere holly and mistletoe have played their part in the decorations of rooms and table for the dear old homey feast where good fellowship presides. White, red, and green are the only colors permitted in the carrying out of the good old fashion of a Father Christmas feast, but certain modifications in the way of refinement upon the crudity of our ancestors have crept in and may be noted. Miss Rosamond Lampman, in a *Harper's Bazar* article, gives a design for an exceedingly pretty centerpiece for the Christmas dinner-table that will suit the taste of those who like simplicity.

"Take a circular piece of wood, such as

the cover of a candy-pail, to be had of your grocer at this season, and make two small perforations, one on each side. Wind a piece of wire, about twenty inches long, with red ribbon and then with holly. The artificial kind which is such a good imitation of the real holly will be even better, for the stems can be bent in any way desired. Cover the board with a doily, then shape the decorated wire in the form of an arch and insert each end in a perforation, bending the wire beneath so as to hold it firmly in place; hang three little Christmas bells at the top; conceal the edges of the board with a thick wreath of holly, and in the center of this place a small gift for each guest. To complete the effectiveness there should be four tall red candles in brass or glass sticks, ornamented with sprays of holly, and if the table is a large, round one there might be an individual candle at each end. Have the dinner-cards bell-shape, with sprigs of holly and the Christmas greeting in red and green, and on each napkin place a crisp dinner roll, fold the napkin over in the shape of a cornucopia, and lay a bit of holly on top."

Miss Lampman also suggests the yule cake as a charming centerpiece, especially for a great family dinner where the children are present. A large round fruit-cake is thickly covered with white icing, on the top of which appear Christmas candies around a wreath of holly. Lighted candles surround it, these being removed only when the cake is cut. As the recipe given by this writer for a real yule cake is most practical, it is reproduced below.

"Cream three-fourths of a cup of butter with a wooden spoon. Add two cups of powdered sugar, beating it in thoroughly, and the yolks of three eggs, beaten in one at a time. Then beat the whole until very light and creamy. Do not stir, but simply beat as you would the white of an egg. Add to it three cups of pastry flour and three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Sift three times and add to the first mixture, alternating with one cup of milk; then add one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-fourth teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves, half a nutmeg grated, and two tablespoonfuls of maraschino syrup, beating in each ingredient separately. Lastly, fold in the

stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Before beginning the cake chop one cup of seeded raisins and add one cup of English currants, one-half cup each of sliced citron and candied cherries. Dredge the fruit with a little flour reserved from the three cups, and mix them into the cake as lightly as possible. Bake in a very moderate oven for two hours."

It may be well to observe here that one prime difficulty in our modern oven is that it constantly grows hotter while a cake is baking, and that process, for a fruit-cake especially, is disastrous. One way to do is to place the cake in an almost cold oven and gradually increase the heat by lighting half the burners under the oven. A longer time is required, but there will be less probability of burning the cake. Two pans of water should always be placed in the oven, one on the grating above the cake and another on that below. By taking the precaution of lining your cake-pan heavily with several layers of paper the danger of a blackened Christmas cake may be averted. A very wise old English cook gave me this advice after I had al-

most abandoned the project of baking large cakes at home because of the trouble of an overheated gas-oven.

Jumping from December to May, the suggestion of pink, with apple-blossoms as ornaments for the table, is a delightful change from winter subjects. If one has an apple-tree in her back yard the robbing of it is an irresistible temptation. Sprays of the exquisite blossoms, laid the length of the table, and tiny bouquets placed at each guest's place make a luxurious yet simple decoration that a millionaire might envy. The mistress of a country house has a vast advantage in this sort of entertainment, for it is almost impossible to buy sprays of apple-bloom. Failing these, the delicate, shy Mayflower, gathered from the fields, forms a most charming ornament for a May luncheon-table. Pale pink ribbons may be used lavishly, they being so inoffensive in tint that a profusion of them do not produce any feeling of satiety.

A May repast can also be yellow. Daffodils are at once suggested as "the flower," and oranges should play a large part in the meal. Orange sherbet, cakes

with orange icing, a centerpiece with tiny oranges, tangerines, or, if one is more reckless, baby oranges robbed from the hothouses at prohibitive prices, surrounded by graceful yellow blossoms, is the most effective ornament. Little favors may be placed in the middle of the outer peel of oranges, from which the fruit has been removed without entirely breaking the form. Some persons are adepts in peeling oranges in pretty shapes, leaving the core so attached that the leaves, so to speak, of the peeling fall apart from the core like a shell. Confections of sugared-orange peel or tartlets with orange-marmalade filling are appropriate desserts at a yellow luncheon.

New ideas for weddings are constantly sought, and one that obtained favor lately for a home wedding was the daisy-field. The suite of rooms thrown together were denuded of their rugs and the polished floors literally strewn with numberless white daisies. At the end of the rear room was the bower for the bride, made of beautifully arranged masses of daisies, laid upon forked limbs of a tree, and beneath was placed the kneeling-stool, covered with a

white robe embroidered in silver daisies, while everywhere gleamed candles in silver scones, all white with small yellow ornaments in the most effective spots. There was merely enough yellow in the decorations to carry out the idea of the yellow daisy heart.

The banisters of the stairs leading up to the guests' dressing-rooms were all twined with smilax interspersed with daisies, and in the rooms themselves were numberless delicate suggestions of the chosen flower in the way of toilet appliances of white, with daisies painted by hand—little picture-frames similarly hand-painted and even bonbon-dishes made to order in the shape of the hardy little field flower. The breakfast was a daisy breakfast, everything being made to cater to the leading idea, and, while one guest whispered to a neighbor that she did not want to see a daisy again for quite a while, most were exceedingly attracted by the simplicity and quaintness of the design.

June has long been recognized as the ideal month for weddings, and to June belongs the rose. A wide range of choice

in color is offered, from creamy white to deepest cardinal, but of all that which is probably the favorite is the pink rose, with its varying tints, like a maiden's blushes. When the wedding is at home the general scheme of decorations may follow somewhat the suggestions given above for a daisy wedding. A wedding breakfast following the ceremony is charmingly carried out in June with rose decorations. The table centerpiece may be a boat-shaped basket twined with roses, the lining being pale green tulle, and the leaves mingling gracefully with the flowers. The place-cards may be hand-painted, with rose designs, or a more original way—the white squares may have a tiny bouquet of rosebuds tied on the upper right-hand corner with a knot of pink ribbon. Tiny silken bags filled with rose petals are at each plate, to be used by the guests to shower the bride. This is certainly a pleasant improvement upon the custom of rice showers—those hard and uncompromising pellets having not seldom been absolutely as harmful as small pebbles when thrown by a careless hand.

The menu for a wedding breakfast is similar to that for a dainty luncheon, if the feast is held at high noon, as is customary. Everything should be super-dainty in tone and flavor; delicate dishes, such as filets of sweetbreads, veal cutlets, chicken timbales, and ice *parfait* and sherbets are preferable to heavy food. The bridal cake is always white, and is placed whole on the table for her to cut herself. This ceremony is not onerous, as the butler always inserts the knife, and she has merely to turn it around, when the cake is removed and cut in slices at the side-table, each guest being provided with a bit in a tiny box if it is intended to be given away in addition to the slice to eat.

Those who follow the old English fashion still have another cake, generally a rich fruit-cake, for the bridegroom. This may be a pyramid cake, splendidly ornamented, and with tiny Cupids on top. At a certain wedding breakfast the writer once attended down South it was whispered by the bride's aunt that the cake, made at home and after the lavish fashion of that family, contained one hundred and twenty

eggs, with a corresponding amount of butter and spices.

When it takes place in the afternoon instead of the morning the wedding ceremony may be followed simply by a light tea, handed about by maids, and consisting of cake and tea, coffee, and chocolate, or cake with wine. A recent innovation is the automobile wedding breakfast, with the centerpiece of the table a splendid flower-piece shaped like a motor-car, the flowers everywhere in evidence being formed into wheels and horns, and great ropes of them so arranged over the bride's bower as to give the idea of a huge machine. Red and yellow are the favorite colors.

Usually around the patriotic month of February, birth-month of America's two most distinguished leaders, women begin to get aroused to a sense of their duty in the way of Colonial entertainments. Now luncheons and teas after the fashion of Martha Washington and fancy-dress parties and old dances come into vogue again with unfailing regularity. A real Colonial luncheon is arranged after this mode:

Cards are sent out requesting guests

to come in the costume of their oldest American ancestor. (Those who are known to be short on ancestors better not be invited.) Then everything is made to harmonize as far as possible with the "good old times" in the way of hospitality and service. Both hostess and servants will be costumed after the fashion of the eighteenth century, there will be open fires, all the choice relics of the family in the way of china and silver and arms will be set forth in prominence, and every bit of ancient tapestry, every faded miniature and dingy painting will be carefully given a good place where it may be seen and appreciated. The hour set should be about half after four o'clock, and the repast is served on a single large table covered with a handsome cloth of old damask. An appropriate centerpiece is formed of a toy spinning-wheel of wood all covered and twined about with smilax and red roses, this to be set upon a base of glass, made by laying down a small mirror, well disguised around the edges by a ruffle of white tulle. Or buff and blue may be chosen as the color scheme, when yellow roses and

blue gentians will constitute the decorations, the old spinning-wheel being adroitly fashioned of these two in combination. At each plate there may be a small jointed wooden doll, dressed in Colonial costume, for favor. A curious fancy is a paper doll with a verse of some patriotic poem printed on it below the menu, and wearing a sash of red, white, and blue.

Wax candles should replace gas in the dining-room and, if possible, in the other rooms thrown open on this occasion. It will be happy if a treasure in the shape of some old-fashioned crystal chandeliers exist in the family. These should be placed at either end of the table, and the effect will be charming. Failing these, brass or bronze candelabra may be used. Traditional dishes, such as baked beans, pumpkin-pie, and roast pig are modernized to suit our more delicate appetites, but are still made to resemble old-fashioned recipes as far as may be. "Pioneer beans," in little individual brown pots of earthenware, are not at all bad, especially when served as a course on dainty delf plates, flanked by little squares of steaming brown bread.

"Revolutionary salad" is made of young cabbage chopped very fine and seasoned with a little onion, the sauce being cream dressing. Adam's punch should not be omitted, but the formula for this differs in different families, some maintaining that the foundation must be a pot of strong tea and the "filling in" a bottle of old brandy and another one of champagne. Others —and the writer is of this constituency— say that excellent punch may be made by adding to a pint of boiling water a cup of chopped and parboiled raisins, a cup of sugar, and one of orange and lemon juice, mixed half and half, then enrich with a single glassful of rum, a dash of brandy, and one pint of sweet new cider. This is not too heady, but very enlivening.

A veritable entertainment of ancient times is the yellow supper of our grandmothers. It is said that our modern pink teas have grown up from this. Most picturesque and gracious is this old feast, and wherever it can be revived it ought to be. The best setting is, of course, the country house, especially the delightful bungalow, where a splendid open fire and a decoration of

autumn boughs may be readily obtained. September and October are the months to which belongs the yellow supper, and on the bill of fare should appear every real old-fashioned dish one can conjure up. Our American native dish, sweet corn on the cob, must make a course. To get the best flavor the ears should be only partly husked before boiling, a covering of the leaves being needed to keep in the sweetness of the grains. Just before serving, these can be stripped off and the corn laid on hot platters and lightly sprinkled with salt.

Mince-pies, apple-pies, baked quinces, and all sorts of preserves are in order. A superb baked ham with cider sauce is a dish always liked by men guests. An appropriate centerpiece is a mound of fruits in season, such as pears, small red apples, and grapes of every hue from white to crimson, all intertwined and mingled with a profusion indicating the plenty of that halcyon period when the earth was supposed to be more beneficent to us than now, when cultivation has become a science of supply for a growing multitude.

All kinds of old-fashioned flowers are

used as decorations for the yellow supper. Marigolds and sunflowers, goldenrod and goldenglow are especially in order. The menu cards should be written by hand on yellow paper resembling parchment, and the favors may be tiny booklets with mottoes or verses on them. Something suggestive of old times which will make conversation is the best idea. After the atmosphere is once established there will be no lack of topics, but just at first there is sometimes an awkwardness among the guests, a little at a loss how to comport themselves when suddenly taken back to a remote generation.

VIII

FOR THE CHILDREN

1. Children's Luncheons

A CHILD'S party affords almost unlimited scope to the ingenious hostess in the way of table decorations, so many simple and tasteful devices can be contrived at slight expense, and so many unique ideas can be worked out without much expense for centerpieces and favors.

A pretty table may have as a central decoration a Jack Horner pie, while the ever-alluring Brownies play a conspicuous part in the general scheme. The pie is contrived from a large, rather deep tin pan covered with pink tissue-paper. A sheet of the paper is fitted across the top of the pan to simulate the crust, while three additional sheets are pleated

around the sides to afford a covering as well as an attractive finish. A plain band of the paper is placed around the bottom of the pan to hide the edge of the side covering. The pie serves as a receptacle for the favors, which are hidden from view by the paper crust. Mystery is ever alluring to little folks, and the knowledge that the pie contains some souvenirs of the occasion which they cannot have until the luncheon is over will help keep their interest keen until the party is at an end.

Arranged as though just emerging from out the pie are a number of little Brownies. A narrow pink ribbon extends from each of these quaint figures to a place-card, which represents a tiny maid, in white sunbonnet and pink pinafore, with a little market-basket on her arm. Attached to the Brownies' feet, and hidden within the pie, are the favors, which consist of diminutive market-baskets filled with pink and white candies.

In the center of the pie stands a large Brownie, holding in his right hand a small candlestick equipped with a tiny pink taper. Grouped around the bottom of the

pie are several additional Brownies, some of them not more than two inches in height, and at intervals tiny walnut boats are placed, each provided with a small pink taper. These boats are made from ordinary walnut-shells, washed clean and left undecorated, and the tiny candle is held in place by dropping a bit of sealing-wax into the shell and fitting the taper into the wax before it hardens, holding it firmly for a moment. The effect of these taper-holders is unique, constituting a pleasing diversion from the familiar candlesticks.

The Brownies are easily made, and their cost is practically nothing. A piece of an old brown stocking will serve as a covering for the body, and a bit of chamois will make the head and hands. Take two bits of the stocking, sew them together, leaving one end open, and stuff with cotton wool. Then fasten securely the open end. To the body thus contrived attach the head, made from a piece of chamois, on which eyes, nose, and mouth have been sketched with pen and ink. The head is stuffed with cotton wool much in the same manner as the body. The ears are tiny bits of

chamois, and the cap is a piece of the stocking, shaped in any manner desired and sewed to the head. The arms and legs are made from three or four thicknesses of wire covered with pieces of the stocking, and the hands are bits of chamois attached to the arms. The wire arms and legs permit of the arrangement of these members in any manner desired. Of course, if one does not wish to take the time to fashion these queer little figures they can be readily purchased; but if one has a little leisure time she will find the work fascinating, and then, too, the expense will be considerably lessened by using the home-made ones. The bonbon-dishes are simple white paper baskets adorned with narrow pink ribbons and fitted with small ribbon-wound handles tied with tiny bows in the center. Small glass candlesticks equipped with pink candles adorn the table corners. The color scheme of the whole is pink, brown, and white.

The question of what to give the little folks to eat is one that bothers many hostesses. Food that is appetizing and entirely digestible must be provided, but what

it shall consist of is often puzzling. Following is a simple menu that may be of some assistance in helping to solve this difficulty:

Orange Punch

Sandwiches — Olives
Creamed Chicken — Rolls

Grape Salad

Lemon Sherbet — Fancy Cakes
Fruit Glacé — Chocolate

2. Birthday Dinners

Mothers sometimes say: "What can we do to please a child who has always had everything? What new thing can be invented to arouse the jaded appetite that has been too much indulged?" Simple common sense suggests that a little deprivation would be the best stimulant. Pleasure is largely an affair of contrast with dullness, a quite simple surprise sometimes creating more interest for us than an elaborate affair that is merely a multiplication of all that has gone before. The world is not complicated enough to furnish that infinite variety which can charm the veteran society woman or infant or make either

believe that the pastime suggested is not "stale, flat, unprofitable." With children the two best rules for happiness are these: simplicity and surprise. Without a daily diet of the first the second is not possible. In this respect the English method of much denial and sparce dissipation in the nursery makes for ultimate enjoyment and healthy maturity. In our country the children of the very rich, who have English governesses and spend a large part of the year at their country places, where the young people live out of doors and learn sports instead of running daily to the theater and to dances that are in reality miniature balls, are better reared than the offspring of our great middle class that makes money-spending the chief occupation. The rich young citizen of our larger cities sees too much going on all the time to be stirred by an additional excitement, and on the occasion of a birthday or when Christmas comes around ingenuity is exhausted in devising novelties on his behalf. Far happier is the child of our French neighbor who is clad in a school uniform most of the year and eats bread and a bit

of chocolate for his *goûter* and a plain roast for dinner, ordinarily, so that the prospect of a lovely little dinner with a company of friends, served in courses like mother's fine dinners, has an appeal that delights his imagination.

Supposing that the child we are catering for has not been spoiled by over-indulgence, a birthday dinner may be made a pleasant affair at not too great a cost of time and money for his parents. One great element in the gratification will be to throw much of the responsibility on the young person himself or herself. We will assume that it is a girl who is the object of consideration. The mother should have small invitations prepared, either printed or written, on sheets of paper that come especially for such occasions, with pretty and quaint pictures on one corner, taken after Kate Greenaway. The making out of the list of guests is always a matter of interested discussion, and here a wise mother finds opportunity to slip in some excellent suggestions upon the desirability of regarding acquaintances as eligible from the standpoint of character rather than for their distinction

socially. But the day of exorbitant expectations of youthful magnanimity has gone by, and the narrow old tales that Sam Weller called "moral pocket-handkerchiefs" are now relegated to the relic heap. Such a tale once was the cause of considerable mental disturbance to myself because the moral of it all turned upon the extraordinary heroism of a pretty little maid who renounced the delight of wearing her dainty muslin gown at her birthday party and disguised herself in a dingy brown calico in order that a certain poor but charming friend might be put at ease. I could never bring myself to see the sense of the thing, because it would have been so much more practical to have loaned the friend a costume, or to have made it up to her in some other way, rather than to have put all the rest of the party out of countenance and have cast a reflection upon the generous mother who had bestowed the gift of a lovely frock for the occasion.

But there is a golden mean of generous feeling and common sense, and the natural child will readily find it out for herself when a little subtle pushing in the proper

direction is made. When the party list is satisfactorily completed, next comes the mailing of the invitations, the excitement of waiting for replies, and then the interchange of ideas upon the important subjects of the menu for the little dinner and the after-entertainment. The first depends a great deal upon the season. Holidays suggest their own appropriate ideas, although to bring in something new and quaint is sometimes a serious task. The Christmas table is less difficult in some respects because the favors may be the Christmas gifts, and consist of beautiful dolls for the girls, of mechanical toys for the boys. They will be arranged above the plates, standing against a tall candlestick which has a colored lantern made of crêpe paper, the tone matching the general color scheme. It is generally safer to make this red or pink, the favorite colors of childhood. Little gifts may be slipped into tiny baskets to be held by the dolls. A child delights in the treasure within a treasure and finds charm indescribable in a nest of boxes, all leading to the cunningly hidden gift at the heart of them. Gifts

too large for the table may be suspended from the chairs by bright ribbons, and there should always be a special bag of bonbons for each guest, no matter how much of the pernicious sweet is displayed upon the table. It is a particular privilege whose absence will be certainly remarked with disappointment.

To entertain the youthful guests while the feast is going on is the most difficult problem, but one device has been found especially helpful. "Where a large party of older children are entertained at dinner, it is possible to offer them a new guessing-game to which the recently perfected character doll lends itself charmingly. At each place may be stood a doll that is typical of a different nation; the costume should indicate even more than the doll's face the country to which it belongs. A child will greatly enjoy guessing the nationality of the dolls and take much pride in naming the greatest number correctly. Sometimes a prize is given to the one making the largest number of correct guesses, but all prize-giving ought to be managed most adroitly, or heart-

burning instead of enjoyment ensues for most of the little guests. To bring in emulation always both increases excitement and admits the chances of jealousy. Mothers must decide this for themselves."

Spring and summer dinners are prettily managed by having the dessert served in the garden, which is immediately turned over to the possession of the guests as recreation-grounds. Everything that is meant to be the pastime of the afternoon—for the dinner ought to be set for an early hour—ought to be arranged very carefully ahead of the arrival of the little guests, so that that tedious interregnum when whispers go about—"What are we going to do now?"—may be avoided. Old-fashioned games are again in vogue, and if they are not known to the mother or young hostess some good manual must be procured and studied in advance, so that there may be confident leadership when the emergency comes.

One novelty that was lately introduced should be noted. It is a musical Christmas tree, which is not only illuminated by electricity, but makes music as it revolves

upon its stand—a large box in which is concealed the melodic mechanism. As the tree turns the music steals softly forth. A multitude of lights, revolving as the tree moves, produce a wonderful effect. This is all very well as a casual amusement, but curiosity is soon satiated, and children desire to do something themselves rather than to stand and gape at a wonderful tree.

3. Quaint Nursery Fêtes

Stories that can be acted out furnish one of the most popular pastimes for children. Pantomime is used, which does away with the necessity for scenery. If the season is winter and the background a suite of parlors, let the audience be seated as for a grown-up performance, toward the fore, while the children assemble in the rear room. The office of stage-manager ought to devolve upon some one experienced in the art of entertaining young people, for he or she is the arbiter of the success of the whole affair. Recently there has grown up a new profession for women—that of manager or entertainer at private houses.

One such personage is known to the writer as a remarkable instance of what ingenuity and diplomacy can effect in the social world. When a would-be hostess is at a loss for ideas she merely telephones for Miss —— and secures her services to arrange the entertainment of such-and-such an evening; then she may fold her hands and await events with perfect confidence that everything will move smoothly and her entertainment be delightful in its way.

But failing such a genius, the mother must depend upon such assistance as can be gained from an experienced friend, sometimes a young teacher accustomed to drawing children out and getting them interested. An amateur pantomime with the motive drawn from fairyland is nearly always much liked. The nursery-rhyme opera has come in since "The Blue Bird" captivated the world. Quaint old songs have been set to music, so that a number of them may be purchased and quickly learned by the little guests sufficiently well to sing while the acting is going on. When the pantomime begins to grow

wearisome the song recital should be at once suggested, as nothing stirs up jaded interest like music in which all participate.

One excellent suggestion is to have the play begin by the descent of an airman and passenger from a flying-machine painted on a screen placed at the back of the scene. A large sheet answers the purpose, or even a piece of black cloth, with the sketch roughly made with white chalk.

The idea is to have the audience suppose that those who are about to furnish the amusement have descended upon the scene from some lonely star, and, since there is nothing else to do, they must make the best of this earth with which they are unacquainted. Let the people come from Mars, and then they may be painted with a grotesqueness that will highly amuse the children. To carry out the little play to the fullest extent the airmen may hear the music coming from fairy bells and, believing themselves upon fairy ground, pretend to fall into a sleep so that they shall be privileged to see the fairy folk at play. Then may come the chosen fairy romance, such as "Cinderella," "Prince

and Dwarf," "Ricket-with-the-Tuft," or similar nursery drama.

To complicate matters and bring in the element of astonishment there may be two sets of actors: the one airmen, sleeping on the ground after they have descended from their flying-machine and watching the fairies at play, and suddenly awakening to mingle with the little green folk and be treated by them according to their desserts, as listeners and peepers.

Music should be the constant accompaniment to the nursery dramas, proceeding from the background of the stage. It will be of great assistance in influencing the feelings of the little audience and should be really artistic and sympathetic, as otherwise it will fail of its effect.

4. Popular Games, Old and New

A favorite game with children is "United States Mail," a variation of the ancient "Stage Coach" which young and old used to enjoy together. A room of good size is needed, and all breakable furniture must be removed. Let the number of

seats be one less than the company. A postmaster is chosen, and he goes the round among the seated guests, giving each one the name of a city, which he writes down on his tablet. The train is then supposed to start out, and the postmaster, who must keep up a little running narrative about the route, calls from time to time the name of a stopping-place. As one is called the child bearing that name jumps up and turns around. The fun is in making the journey as rapidly as possible, so that names may roll from the postmaster's tongue, compelling the one bearing it to spring quickly up and secure his seat before the postmaster, who is on the alert for rest, can slip in. But the cream of the joke is when the mail is robbed, as must occur at some lonely mountain pass, the postmaster rapidly calling forth all the names of the places to which letters have been addressed along the route, and when he says "Shoot the road-agents!" there is a wild scramble among all the children, every one jumping up and striving to secure another seat. One will, of course, be left out, and it will probably not be the

former postmaster. Then the one who is in the cold will become the narrator of the story, or postmaster.

The "Topsy-turvy Concert" is good fun. It is for children over ten years, and, as far as possible, they should be of the same size. The room is divided by a large sheet, behind which stand the musicians, a number of children with the most grotesque costumes imaginable — stockings drawn over their hands, shoes tied about their necks, trousers awry, and petticoats at all angles. One sings a verse of a popular song, and at the end all the others make curious gestures with their heads and arms, ducking, wriggling, and lifting their arms above their heads. At the same time they sing the chorus of the song. To the audience in front of the sheet they appear like mad creatures, and the amusement is usually of a hilarious character. A singing-master may be stationed in front of the curtain, carrying on with voice and action all the extravagances of an old-time singing-teacher at a country concert.

Easter parties are much liked by the young folks. The hero of the occasion is

Master Bunny, and the cards of admission are eggs, made of sugar and prettily tied with colored ribbons. The host is dressed to represent a rabbit, while the guests all come in a spring costume, either animal or vegetable. Some may be robins or kittens or puppies, others wistaria in a purple trailing gown, or roses or May-flowers or buttercups. The better way is for the girls to be flowers or plants, and the boys animals. Dancing and simple games fill up the time before the feast, which is the funniest part of the occasion, as the fancy costumes make the characters, and the children like to act them out during the afternoon, especially during the time they are at table.

An ingenious mother will have the table decorations partake of the nature of the fête, tiny sugar animals making the favors, and the little place-cards being shaped like spring flowers and hand-painted. No great art is necessary to make simple but pretty menu cards for a child's party, as graphic portraiture is the one essential, not fine finish. The center of the table should have a big bird's nest, made with

candied orange-peel for the foundation and filled with sugar eggs. A toy hen sits on the nest, and if elaborate preparations for the party are in order a musical hen is a feature that will certainly create a great deal of amusement. The children should be encouraged to join in with the airs, as this breaking up of the inevitable restraint attendant upon a repast where the mother presides helps toward happiness. It is a better plan for the mother to be in evidence, but not seated at the table among the little guests. Her presence will then be a wholesome influence, but not a dampener of enthusiasm.

The Hallowe'en frolic is too well known to be described here. The only novelty that could be introduced would be in the matter of elaboration of the customary details of fortune-telling in a mock wood. A leader is a judicious thing to have, as otherwise there will be disorder and doubt of how to proceed. A large cake containing a ring, an old English sixpence, and a thimble is an essential part of the interest. To the one getting the ring in her slice, marriage to her taste is promised; the thimble-gainer will

die a spinster or bachelor; the sixpence promises plenty of money throughout the year. For the mother who does not object to turning her house upside down for the night, it is suggested that a miniature forest be created in the drawing-rooms, with a carpet of moss and shade-trees of palms in pots. A fairy lake can be made with a large mirror, and guarded from harm by shrouding palms. A gipsy tent where an old witch sits to tell fortunes is a popular feature. To amuse children a little knowledge of the modern "gay science" of palmistry is an excellent device. The smattering of the art is easily learned, and a fair reader of character can easily improvise stuff that will please the children without either flattering too much their *amour propre* or mortifying their self-respect.

Historical and literary entertainments are often chosen for children's clubs, and only differ from other school entertainments in being more sprightly and individual. Teachers manage them with much adroitness, as a rule, and every eve of a favorite holiday has its special fea-

tures of speeches and songs, as a George Washington Day, a Lincoln Day, or a Forefather's Day, etc.

For the social club of very young people a less serious aspect may be given to the historical evening by having it a character play, the speakers being garbed in appropriate costumes, and afterward inviting the company to supper as if at their own house, they being the hosts. A juvenile "stag" supper in a boys' club is ordinarily a pleasure, while the girls' club imitates mothers' musicales and political gatherings in a quite vivid representation of mature ideas.

Thus, when "the world is young," it is, after all, closely related to the play instinct of the grown-up people who long to partake of the pastimes of youth. There is no distinct line of demarkation between the two groups when pleasure-seeking is the motive that rules. Old games are made interesting by the introduction of some very little novelty, and the newest thing under the sun merely reproduces a dead and forgotten custom.

To be a child is to be credulous of all

the wonders of Nature as well as of art, to rejoice in the idea of fairyland, and be charmed with the grotesque and absurd. Whoever can descend from the dignity of maturity and become as a child for an evening is sure of the rich reward of furnishing delight to any party of little ones, for with children a little sincerity and enthusiasm is worth all the sham hospitality in the world.

IX

NOVELTIES IN BREAKFASTS AND SUPPERS

PEOPLE who have lived for a little while abroad usually come back home prepossessed in favor of the Continental idea of the midday breakfast. On awaking in the morning the breaking of the night's fast is merely a cup of tea or coffee and a roll, then the business of the toilet, or more practical business, takes up the period between nine and noon, when the family assembles in the dining-room for a leisurely hour together.

To the literary and artistic class such a division of time is a desirable thing, as it saves the distraction that ordinarily breaks into a fresh morning. To the mother of a family, however, there may be too much personal indulgence in it. One instance exists of a distinguished authoress whose

husband was a physician in receipt of a fine income, and who therefore not unreasonably believed that he might have the privilege of a family provider in the company of his family, completely immuring herself each morning, refusing to be either seen or spoken to before a *two*-o'clock repast. The additional two hours claimed led to a separation between the pair. The lady thereby secured her independence, and has justified her stubbornness by a brilliant literary success. Nothing has since been heard of the husband, but it is to be hoped that he has joined a good club where he may have congenial company at an early breakfast.

Turning the early luncheon into a late breakfast has led to some new features in the way of informal entertainments. It is now a custom for a woman who wishes to give such informal breakfasts or luncheons to send out to her intimate friends at the beginning of the season invitations to her "fixed luncheons" on some particular day of the week. She then gives her orders for the entertaining of a certain number of guests on such days, and takes no more

thought for the matter, being sure of a little society if she has the capacity to please her guests the first time they meet around her table. Such an informal and agreeable way of passing a morning is eagerly seized, and any woman with a well-regulated household and some leisure may avail herself of such an opportunity to gather about her a few agreeable people at an hour when wits are at their freshest and stiffness an almost impossible quantity. A simple, dainty menu is in order, with fruits and meats in season, rather than extravagance in the supply, which at once turns the little occasion into an exchange of compliments between hostess and guests.

A recent English fad is "breakfast before bed," a fashion that hotel-keepers are blessing. A gay brigade of pleasure-seekers, after a round of café suppers, with dancing and music, make a raid upon the nearest hotel and begin a "dawn breakfast" in the cold gray light of the morning, at a time when sober workmen are leaving their homes for the day's labor. As clubs close at five o'clock in the morning and the spirits of revelers are not yet exhausted,

they find it an imposition to receive any suggestion of bed, so the dawn breakfast is hailed with enthusiasm. Hotel-keepers have arisen to the emergency and now supply the materials for the jolly sunrise feast, usually bacon and eggs and beer! However, one is not limited to that, but may have peach melbas or a cup of hock if preferred. This new fashion has one disadvantage for the restaurants, as it has put luncheons out of date, and nothing intervenes between the dawn breakfast and the five-o'clock tea, for the merry night-hawks betake themselves to their beds immediately after their sunrise revel and sleep the sleep of the wearied pleasure-seeker till late in the afternoon.

This fad can only be followed in the land of commerce, as ours is termed, by idlers and irresponsibles. But to do a thing once or twice is not to be wedded to the habit, and for the mere sake of novelty any one may enjoy for the nonce a night of amusement and a jolly dawn breakfast with his intimates without breaking any of the laws. How convenient it may be to have a hotel menu to select from at five o'clock in

the morning was brought in upon me lately, when I became suddenly aware that a young collegian visiting New York and having the "time of his life" broke his fast for the first time that day at a five-o'clock tea which was brought in at the sequence of his afternoon call at my house. He had made the round of the cafés the night before, taken a hasty nap between six and ten, hurried into his motor for a jaunt out of town, missed luncheon, and arrived in a state of wild hunger civilly concealed just after the family luncheon had been put out of sight. His astonishing condition of exhaustion when the tea-urn was brought in revealed the situation, and then he first learned of the newly imported custom of the "dawn breakfast" and the discomfort that might have been saved if he had known the right place to visit.

Of the number of special breakfasts, to spread the popularity of some particular fad, there is no end. One hostess, earnestly imbued with the pure-food craze, extended invitations to a dozen friends to take a hygienic breakfast with her at noon

on a certain day. Everything that has been devised in the shape of health foods, at least as many varieties as could be crowded into the space of time, appeared in due course, all exquisitely prepared and adorned with such pomp and ceremony as could lend to simple things a fictitious richness. "The saving grace of it is the fruit," whispered one weary woman, satiated with creamed cereals. But at least there was a splendid feast of reason and ample material for talk in the discussion of different preferences and tastes.

There is the old-fashioned country breakfast, with sausages and corn-muffins, or fried chicken and baking-powder biscuits, hot from the oven. A city hostess, wishful to swim out of the current of precedent, invites any number of convivial spirits to a "country breakfast" at the favorite hour —noon—and prepares for that entertainment by a supply of fresh country products, the service to be, preferably, colored maids in bandana kerchiefs and big white aprons. Hot waffles are a favorite dish, and excellent maple syrup should be procured or made at home from the sugar,

as this is an inseparable accompaniment. Much trash is on the market yclept maple syrup, and it is safer to dissolve the sugar at home. To one pound of the sugar add half a cup of hot water and let it come to a simmer, then turn into a silver pitcher, previously heated. Waffles should be buttered the instant they are off the irons and served with a speed only to be achieved by one thoroughly convinced of the perishable quality of these delicate preparations.

After the breakfast a tour in the machines is in order, or if that is not convenient there may be a turn at billiards or some old-fashioned game. Anything to vary the monotony, for the least dash of originality is accepted with eagerness and not criticized if it affords amusement.

Never was entertaining less conventional than at present. There is a kind of *fureur* for new pastimes, and the less stiff and stately the more popular.

The Bohemian breakfast is a studio feast, prepared in chafing-dishes and merrily eaten from little tables, on paper cloths, with paper napkins and such ornamenta-

tion as can be garnered from the wealth of an artist's den. On one there may be an ancient bronze candlestick, on another a quaint drinking-vessel filled with flowers, while a small plaque, painted with bold strokes by the host or hostess to represent some suggestion of the hour's merry-making, will give glory to another. Instead of this, little scenes cut from artistic calendars are sometimes surrounded with flowers and stood upon the center of the small table, even on a base of looking-glass. We have gone back to childhood so far as to borrow some of the nursery toys to help us out, and for a Christmas breakfast at the studio there is nothing too absurd to serve as a table decoration. A Santa Claus in white, scattering eatable bonbons, is not to be despised. But after the tables are removed the tango, accompanied by the banjo or mandolin, comes in, and fun fast and furious convinces the other dwellers of the house that a studio breakfast is a thing of revel. With breakfasts at dawn, or else at noon, tea while on the wing, so to speak, and "dinner the next day," it seems a difficult thing to get in a

real solid supper. But the function still exists and is popular because it affords a chance for some of the wildest fantasies that have ever entered into the mind of the entertainer.

In the search for something new we have hit upon the "magic supper," a thing fantastic enough to justify the charge brought up that latter-day entertaining has borrowed somewhat from that epoch-making book, *Alice in Wonderland.* The magic supper is a witch's repast, to all intents and purposes. The first thing to do is to establish an uncanny atmosphere by the use of blue lights concealed behind white draperies. There is neither gas nor electricity, but candles everywhere, all burning blue, so that a shivery feeling may be produced in the company very quickly after entering the cool rooms. A magic fire, artificially produced by a few bits of scented wood burning in a brass kettle, is necessary, and to make the counterfeit the more real boughs are artfully crossed beneath the pot. The fire sends forth a light smoke. The decorations of the room are things of ghostly suggestions; bats, owls,

mice, cats (all thin and black) are profusely scattered about, as pictures and in toy form, and somewhere there must be a large picture representing the old Salem witch riding on the traditional broomstick. In one corner should be a fairy pool, made by a mirror embedded in green, and from the nursery are borrowed such absurdities as dolls clothed in gauze to represent fairies. Or else there should be provided a gipsy tent, with some one gifted in the art of palmistry and clothed like a veritable witch to tell the fortunes of the guests. The craze for this species of entertainment is extraordinary. Very few persons will confess to a faith in any species of fortune-telling, yet firm must be the will that refuses to be led away by the temptation to have the palm read even by the veriest tyro in palmistry.

To make the magic supper absolutely successful, professional entertainers should be provided. Negro minstrels are sometimes funny, but more often tedious. If a pretty, gay little singer can be secured with a repertoire of all the latest ragtime melodies and a gift at the mandolin, the

success of the evening is certain. This is the one unfailing resource, for even those who are bored to extinction by real music are entertained by the active, lively chanting sometimes miscalled singing.

The progressive dinner, a thing of terror to the dyspeptic and the conservative, has been succeeded by the progressive supper, and is given over to the youthful reveler who can stand a strain upon nerve and muscle for a while yet. Usually a party get together, under the chaperonage of an intrepid, healthy matron who is entirely up to date in sympathies and is gifted with extraordinary tact and sense of humor. Otherwise she will never stand the strain. Motors are engaged, or if the party is small —six being a favorite number—a touring-car suffices, and, having previously made all arrangements with certain cafés, the pleasure-seekers start out about ten o'clock and stop at the first restaurant for soup or oyster cocktails. *En route*, and the next stop gives the fish course, another the *entre*, then roast, game, dessert, and, finally, at the best and most *recherché* of all, comes coffee and dancing. It is a veri-

table carrying out of the ancient boast that "We won't go home till morning, till daylight doth appear," for the jaded faces of fresh young women sometimes wear a ghastly look when the betraying light of dawn creeps over the sky as they crawl from their machines to the portals of their homes and are admitted in silence to their waiting beds. "Oh, but they are not the girls of the night before!" ejaculated a young man, *sotto voce*, to a comrade as the pair withdrew from the night-long attendance upon a tribe of lovely maidens. And it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that the friend rejoined, "That's what they get for wanting to keep it up with us."

"Bridge we have always with us." Whatever may come or go, the card-lover will merely assent to a slight variation of the old program, but firmly adhere to the indispensable regulations that make the bone and sinew of the good party at cards. Whether it is progressive euchre, five hundred, or auction, the general routine of the entertainment is ordinarily the same. The affair may be held in the afternoon or at night, at the private house or a club,

but the great feature is the prize, the regulations almost invariable. Card-tables large enough to accommodate four persons at each one are provided. They may be hired, along with the light chairs, at a caterer's or an upholsterer's, but they are not to be used afterward for refreshments, these being placed upon the dining-table in the dining-room, or handed about, if the party is more informal. The hostess should, of course, have sufficient fresh packs of cards to accommodate the entire party, as nothing is more distasteful than much-handled cards.

For those games that need to be marked well-sharpened pencils must be on hand, together with small tablets or the regular score-cards. To provide any other sort of entertainment for card-players is a superfluity; they usually rather resent than thank one for such an attention.

But a supper-party, at a reasonably early hour, to be followed by cards, is ordinarily liked. The prospect of a good game whets the appetite of the guests and makes them merry. After-refreshments, to be served near midnight, after the first eager-

ness of the fight is over, are in order, and should consist of claret cup, or ices, sandwiches or cake, and if the season is winter some substantial thing like lobster salad. It is to be observed that card-players usually have a fair digestion! A salad that would appal a tango-dancer is received with perfect *sang froid* by the bridge "fiend."

X

THE NEW DANCES AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION

1. The Tango, Turkey-trotting and Bunny-hugging

THERE is only one indisputable evidence of age — not gray hair and wrinkles, but an intense disapproval of the young. Just at the moment when the older generation reaches middle life and the younger maturity this difference begins to show itself, and has done so probably since Cain and Abel came of age. In America the difference is peculiarly marked, for to the diversity of age is added a diversity of prosperity; and fathers who look back to a childhood in which a single pair of shoes was disputed between them and their brothers hear with some confusion their sons arguing in like manner the dis-

position of the family motor. Not only parents, but civilization, gives with a more lavish hand than it did thirty years ago. No wonder the middle-aged are standing by in some anxiety to see how youth is going to use its opportunities.

Imagine a maiden aunt, a belle, let us say, of twenty years ago, transported after a long absence into a ballroom of the past winter. She would be struck at once by many changes—a lesser formality, a greater gaiety. The old-fashioned cotillion of her day would be gone; there would be a smaller number of couples in the conservatory, shorter pauses between the dances, and a general businesslike air that dancing and only dancing was the order of the day. It may be that if our supposititious aunt were a sentimentalist, as maiden ladies of fifty are apt to be, she might regret those empty conservatory corners and feel that something of romance and something of dignity had disappeared, and that the entertainment had more the quality of a child's party than a full-fledged ball.

If it were given under the most correct auspices, her regrets might go no further.

If not, she would presently be surprised to see, as the band began a strange, syncopated measure, that the couples were no longer dancing in the attitude to which she had been accustomed—the woman's left hand on the man's shoulder and her right hand out from her body. Both the woman's hands would be on, or even dangling over, the man's shoulders, while with steps imitated rather from the buzzard than the turkey the couples oscillate instead of circling.

In other words, she is witnessing for the first time one of the new dances, so called because no one cares to remember to what primitive times and emotions they may be traced.

And presently, as she watches, a middle-aged gentleman, a former partner of her own, approaches, and adds the weight of masculine opinion to her own growing horror. "Have you ever seen such an exhibition?" he whispers in her ear. "Imagine what your dear mother would have said! Why, I can remember at the Chicago Fair feeling apologetic to all the ladies of my acquaintance for merely having *wit-*

nessed such dancing. And, of course, you know that in Paris—"

The aunt is deeply distressed. She has always been terrified by the merest suggestion of wickedness. Driving home, she tries to explain the situation to her niece, tries to quote a modified form of the opinion of him whom she describes as "a complete man of the world." But as she talks she finds to her surprise that, as is so often the case, the protest is more corrupting than the offense. She finds herself taking refuge weakly in the complaint that the new dances are not very graceful to watch.

"Perhaps not, but they are great fun to dance," says her niece, cheerfully.

The aunt tries another tack. She has taken some comfort throughout the evening in noticing that her niece danced with only one partner. She says aloud:

"The young man you danced so constantly with—he is an old friend of yours, I suppose?"

"Oh no," says the girl, "I really hardly know him. I think I've heard he was engaged to Helen. But our steps suit, and

nowadays, you know, one has to have a *dancing affinity*."

The rest of the drive is taken up in explanation of the term.

Perhaps if the hostess of the evening had been of the older school the maiden aunt would have been spared all this suffering. Orders would have been left in the dressing-rooms to explain to all arrivals that no turkey-trotting and bunny-hugging would be allowed. And if some one exercising undue influence over the leader of the band had contrived to get him to play "rag," it would have been stopped instantly, and for those barbaric intervals would have been substituted the rhythm of the good old-fashioned waltz.

To the aunt this will perhaps seem the most surprising of all, that the waltz, which one hundred years ago was the horror of parents, which even in her time a few ultra-well-brought-up girls were not allowed to dance, has now become the refuge of propriety, the parent's assistant. What, she wonders, would Byron say if he could see the dance which represented all that was indecorous to his mind now

summoned to restore the tone of a ball-room? History, indeed, repeats itself, and it is not a little amusing to read the letters of a hundred years ago on the subject of the new dance of their time.

Thomas Raikes says in his *Personal Recollections:* "No event ever produced so great a sensation as the introduction of the German waltz. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings were now absorbed at home in whirling a chair around the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz. The anti-waltzing party took alarm, cried it down, mothers forbade it, and every ball-room became a scene of feud and contention."

"My cousin Hartington," writes Lady Caroline Lamb, "wanted to have waltzes and quadrilles, but at Devonshire House it could not be allowed, so we had them at Whitehall. All the *bon ton* assembled there continually. There was nothing so fashionable."

Yet Goethe makes Werther assert after waltzing with the respectable Charlotte, "I felt if I were married my wife should waltz with no one but myself."

In 1813 Byron's bitter and hardly repeatable poem appeared:

But ye—who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be, or ought;
Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
Say—would you make those beauties quite so cheap?
Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist or down the glowing side,
Where were the rapture then to clasp the form
From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?
At once love's most enduring thought resign,
To press the hand so pressed by none but thine;
To gaze upon that eye which never met
Another's ardent look without regret;
Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint.
If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
Or give—like her—caresses to a score.

Yet in spite of everything waltzing made its way, and before long we hear of the Emperor Alexander waltzing round the room at Almacks "with his tight uniform and numerous decorations," and of Lord Palmerston "describing an infinite number of circles with Madame Lieven."

The parallel seems complete, and many people, particularly those under twenty, see in it absolute proof that the protectors

of to-day are wrong and that a hundred years from to-day the tango will be accepted as unquestioningly as the waltz. They see, in a prophetic vision, some hostess now in the cradle stopping some undreamed-of melodies, and ordering that "rag" be played, so that the "pericon" may take the place of some even more revolutionary dance of the future. There are always people who believe that the line of progress is straight, not spiral, who never look for any reaction and expect the pendulum to swing always in the same direction. It is one of the obsessions of a leisure class—an obsession fostered, perhaps, by the press—that they really set the example for good or evil to the rest of the country.

To these people the present changes which we have been noting represent nothing more than an alteration in ballroom manners—exactly similar to the alteration produced by the introduction of the waltz. But the similarity is very superficial. A hundred years ago in England the number of people who did or did not waltz was but a handful—influential, per-

haps, but small. The revolution was merely one of manners and limited to a small class. When, finally, the Court took to waltzing the prestige of that sanction was sufficient to settle the whole question.

In this country we have no inner circle. There is no group that can impose its manners and customs—in spite of the brilliant pages of the society reporter. And if there were there would be no unanimity within the group. One hostess would allow what another forbade. Yet there is a consensus of the general good sense of communities that makes laws.

In this country any manifestations confined to a small body of the rich and fashionable has merely a transitory influence. In the present case we are dealing with something very much more important, something on a very much larger scale.

Some twenty years ago the idea of cheap and, if possible, clean amusement for the poor and moderately well-off became for the first time a commercial and philanthropic idea. We have had as a result

the new Coney Island, Revere Beach in Boston, run by the state itself, moving-picture shows, five-cent theaters, music in the parks, recreation piers and playgrounds, and the cheap magazines. Nor has the movement been limited really to the poor. Motors, many more theaters, novels, shops, have done exactly the same thing for the rich. Enjoyments which a few years ago were limited to a handful of people are offered to thousands.

The shops put clothes within the reach of great multitudes of women which thirty years ago would have been accessible only to that comparatively small number who got their things in Paris. Fashion has taken advantage of the situation and grows continually more complex to correspond with our more complex life. Nowadays we must have different clothes for motoring, for winter and summer sports, different slippers and stockings for every gown, different furs for different occasions.

An enormous increase in luxury and in the opportunity for enjoyment is open to young people, and one of the great ques-

tions of the hour is how they are going to use these opportunities—wisely or foolishly, greedily or discriminately. Their parents cannot help them, for no such choice was every open to them; and even those who have got beyond saying "It was not so in my day" can have little true insight into a situation so entirely alien to their own youth.

Everywhere we hear the same cry, the same warning. Everywhere we hear the middle-aged mourning, on the one hand, that the younger generation is lax and indecorous; on the other, that *romance is dead.*

The two complaints gain significance by being considered together, for they are two aspects of exactly the same change. There is truth in both. Mid-Victorian romance is dead or dying, and there are some of us who would be perfectly willing to hurry its obsequies. The romance based on mystery and artificial barriers, the romance which has for its object the idealization of the commonplace, has dreary work surviving in the clear air of the twentieth century. False mystery—if that be one's key to

happiness—does not flourish in the factory or the coeducational college; not even, perhaps, in the modern ball-room.

But let us have at least the qualities of our defects. If we are less provocative, we are more level-headed. If we have less romance, we have more companionship, and many things may be allowed to comrades not permitted to romanticists. Neither ever understands the other. Your liberty is ugly and improper, says the romanticist. Your barriers are suggestive and unnecessary, says the good comrade. And the lookers-on sympathize, inconsistently enough, first with one and then with the other.

There are a hundred examples. We, in our latitudes, would be shocked to find that a daughter of ours was being admired in her window evening after evening by an unknown gentleman stationed on the other side of the street. We should say that an introduction to her parents and a visit to her house were the correct preliminaries to a courtship. But such a suggestion would outrage the sensibilities of many Spanish-Americans, who would consider a visit to

the house of a young girl the height of impropriety, and who, if they could not gaze at their *inamorata* behind her barred window, would feel indeed romance was dead.

We are bound to believe that the personal equation enters into such considerations. Very possibly the mid-Victorian would have thought it untemperamental to keep his head in situations which do not in the least stir the blood of his grandson —not, perhaps, because the grandson is necessarily colder, but because the situation is less portentous. There was an age when a lady could not walk out unattended. Many of us remember a time when the appearance of a woman in Wall Street drew upon her a very disagreeable sort of attention. If the fact that to-day thousands of women pursue their business downtown entirely unmolested be a proof that romance has perished, why, it is a demise under which many of us can bear up remarkably well.

Whether we like it or not, the fact remains that the young people of to-day, whatever their social environment, are ob-

taining more and more liberty—of enjoyment, of occupation, and of education. And to those of us who think it both unlovely and dangerous this same liberal education, in the case of girls at least, gives us hope. If to-day they are called upon to make serious decisions as to their personal conduct, they are at least better educated to do so. They can no longer be terrified by the great "My dear, if you really understood—" argument. They are prepared to understand. They have studied sociology, though their parents have not.

Their schools have taught them a certain responsibility to the community which their grandmothers never heard anything about. They are capable of reading without undue confusion a scientific history of dancing and of realizing that, however pure their own hearts, they are treading ground where purity of intention is not the ultimate standard. They read the papers, they work on welfare committees. The literature of social and philanthropic organizations is at their disposal.

The report of the Juvenile Protective

Association, of Chicago, on the public dance-halls begins thus:

"Young girls all over the world require and want recreation. . . . In all our large cities the two agencies run for commercial reasons which draw the largest number of young people are the theater and the dance-hall. It is estimated that about thirty-two thousand children attend the moving-picture shows in Chicago, but the dance-hall is even more popular, and attracts some evenings as many as eighty-six thousand young people. Young girls go to these dances because they crave the excitement of the dance. It is an outlet for their emotions, it affords a forgetfulness of fatigue, and it is a safety-valve for their surplus energy."

After making eleven recommendations as to how city ordinances might improve the situation—of which one would prohibit the sale of liquors in dance-halls (a reform already accomplished in New York) and prevent immoral dancing—the report ends with these words:

"If there could be established in Chicago a Department of Recreation, and if we

could secure the passage of a city ordinance regulating the dance-halls as above suggested, then the dance-halls will cease to be places where decent young people are too often decoyed into evil, and where mere search for pleasure so easily leads into disgrace, disease, and crime."

Such a report as this makes salutary reading for our privileged girls. After all, is their situation different? Is the question of their own personal conduct so very much easier to decide? It is true that at private balls champagne is given away, instead of a cheaper form of alcohol being on sale; in one case we have chaperons, in the other police inspection. But in both cases enough liberty of action is allowed for the young girl to take her own risks and make her own decision.

There is a story that one of the great restaurateurs in whose ball-rooms many of the private balls are given has notified certain mothers that it is the custom of their daughters to take a turn about the park in their motors between saying good night to their hostess in the ball-room and meeting their maids in the dressing-room

just before dawn. True or not, such a feat is perfectly possible. We no longer subject our young people to constant surveillance. The girl who used to weave in the home now works in the factory. The young lady who never stirred without a parent now goes to parties under the uncertain protection of a maid often no older than herself.

Indeed, in some ways it seems as if the daughter of the tenement could get more intelligent advice than is open often to the daughters of the rich. The necessity of keeping a job teaches a prudence not to be learned in private schools. The social worker is a wiser counselor than a foreign governess. Parents in the small (and happily decreasing) group of our unenlightened rich, who bring up their daughters to look forward to coming out as the great climax of their lives, who take them out of school at eighteen in order that they may yield themselves more completely to the great experience, who allow them to see that the whole machinery of life is directed to the sole end of their enjoyment, ought not to be very much surprised if

they sometimes take this enjoyment in ways not always to the taste of the older generation.

2. Latest Parisian Craze

A new dance has been invented by Mme. Valentine de Saint-Point, the poetess. It is called the "Muachorie," and is supposed to represent the geometrical ideals of the Cubist.

She designed the dance to interpret her lyrics, and says that a half-turn and a lifted foot mean certain lines in her poems, while the throw of an arm in the air and a short slide on the floor mean:

"I will die on my fête-day, while puppets dance—while they cry aloud all of forbidden gaiety, I cry nothing."

The author of the dance gave an exhibition recently to a select company. Her face was veiled—for the expression must not interfere—and she also wore a costume of thin veils in the Merovingian fashion.

She had first impregnated the room with perfumes, which many in her audience found almost unsupportable. The atmos-

phere was thus filled with idealism, she said.

M. de Max, Mme. Bernhardt's leading man, seated on the floor, recited her "Poem of Love." Soon a bizarre geometric figure appeared on the screen. It was like a Y with sharp angles.

This was the geometric expression of the poem which was being recited, for the poetess affirms that there is a geometrical figure corresponding to every phrase and every thought. This was the basic idea of the dance.

The poetess then appeared in a pale-blue light and transcribed in a dance the geometrical figure just seen on the screen. Her dance corresponded to the angles of the figure, which, in turn, corresponded to the passionate sentiments rendered in her verse by M. de Max.

After the angles she showed parallelograms, then came isosceles triangles. These represented "Poems of Atmosphere" and "Poems of Warriors."

She then danced in a way to express first atmosphere and then war. One thing seemed certain: this superdance

will not rival the tango, for it is too complicated to be generally relished.

3. The Controversy

English society women have been fiercely divided on the subject of the propriety of the new dances. The Queen long since pronounced her boycott against the tango, and her opinion was adopted by many conservatives, but her severe condemnation was not sufficient to drive the objectionable dance out of favor. The Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Coventry, Lady De Ramsey, and other social leaders strongly object to it off the stage, rating it as an immodest and suggestive exhibition unfit for young girls in society. But Lady Trubridge is an earnest defender of the dance, seeing nothing at all improper in it, a view also taken by Russia's Grand Duke Michael, who took lessons from an expert and is said to be an enthusiast. Perhaps one of the most serious objections comes from that experienced and sincere critic, Father Bernard Vaughan, who observes:

"It is not what happens necessarily at a tango tea that so much matters as what happens after it. I have been too long with human nature not to know that, like a powder magazine, it had better be kept as far as possible fireproof."

Paris first went wild over the tango. There is scarcely a musical program for the smallest entertainment without the promise of the after-dance. One had almost said aftermath. For, according to the sane expression of Father Vaughan, it is the wildness that ensues at the sequence of a feast full of the stimulating suggestions of unrestrained liberty that loosens the sensible restraints society has always seen fit to impose on dissipation. In Italy the Church has made a particular point of fighting the "immoral dance." It is pronounced especially dangerous for morals, and Christian families are earnestly enjoined to forbid their young people from participating in it. The severest denunciation yet pronounced comes from the Archbishop of Lyons, who says, "This abominable dance kills virtue and gives rein to every appetite."

Justice, tempered with indulgence, speaks from the mouth of the Duchess de Rohan, who observes: "The tango has nothing indecent about it. I do not see why people should be shocked by it. Of course, it can be danced immodestly, and there are always ill-bred people who will dance it so."

The trouble is, there are more ill-bred people in the world than modest people, and a mad dance is a method of intoxication that it is dangerous to allow. It is true that the way a thing is done alters its whole complexion. There was a certain old gentleman, general in our army, who delighted to show off his acrobatic talents in the bosom of his family, and nothing could be funnier than the dignified way in which he turned handsprings—as if somersaults were a pious duty. One would have blushed to look at his fine white hair again until with his shapely hand he had smoothed down the disordered locks. Only studied compliments greeted the conclusion of those performances. But the competitive athletics of an active uncle never failed to provoke teasing comments

tinctured with good-humored contempt. Is not a handspring always a handspring? Some persons can make going to church an act of hostility toward their kind; others turn the most vapid amusement into gentle conciliation of acquaintances. The personality that is put into anything makes its character, and reformers should direct their endeavors toward improving the tone of mind of thoughtless people, so that the natural outcome of their high spirits will never degenerate into license. Suppression is not so sure as education. The old-fashioned waltz can be made quite as indecent as the newest fancy dance, given persistent effort on the part of the participants. But there is little doubt that what the tango stands for, in name and movement, expresses something wild and unbridled in humanity that calls for pause and reflection. The "let go" is dangerous with young people, in whatever form it occurs, and it would be better if outdoor sport could be made to meet the needs of modern living for complete liberty, instead of having our ball-rooms turned into scenes that make onlookers argue over the

propriety of giving countenance to what is momentarily occurring there.

4. Pageantry

The influence of the Modernists is far-reaching; it has attacked the foundations of beliefs and of customs. One of its later aspects is the suggestion of medieval pageantry applied to evening entertainments. Society women in our large cities are now seriously considering what period to assign to their evenings, making them take on the coloring of the Louis XIV., the Victorian, the Henry IV., and so on. Always there is a background for the brilliant scene, a "setting," just as if the parlors were, for the nonce, a stage, where certain history was to be enacted. Architects design the setting, and carpenters and builders carry out ideas so extravagant that nothing but their entrancing novelty saves them from the severest criticism. Every woman of fashion has in her wardrobe several costumes harmonizing with the period most popular during the season. And wonderfully expensive and splendid

are these gowns and their make-up. Artists are earnestly engaged in designing beautiful dresses corresponding with certain historical periods, and nothing is left undone that can add realism to the fantasy in vogue.

At New York magnificent balls are given at leading hotels with such historical settings, and troupes of "noble dames" parade the halls in ravishing costumes that recall the most brilliant days of the French court. But Europe is almost thrown into the shade by the temptation of the Orient, that fairyland which seems to have completely captivated the imagination of the Western people lately, and of which they cannot have enough to satisfy their desires. A "Shah dance" is one of the latest fads, with a setting of Persian tone and all the guests costumed as men and women of the Far East. What the dances are it may be rather conjectured than described. Yet, despite their wild attempt to achieve entire freedom in this direction, the impulses of our well-gained American poise prevents any of our young people from being as unbridled as they imagine they are. The

leading authority upon the subject has latterly pronounced as a final word that he "has never really seen the tango danced in society." What is believed to be that questionable thing yet remains the property of the stage.

Perhaps with the impulse toward historical settings some of the old and beautiful dances, like the minuet and the gavotte, may come in again, and Orientalism, which is a weed in our fields, may be uprooted and cast away. "Backward, oh, backward, turn time in its flight," and give us the sane, the good, and the really beautiful things that once made life lovely and desirable and women attractive to men through qualities too often hidden now by frantic follies, but ever vital and real, and never more so than in this period when to the splendid strength and development achieved by courageous effort is added the gentleness of conscious power.

XI

SIMPLE RECREATIONS

1. Going A-Gipsying

IF you should happen to be motoring through some part of England in the early spring or autumn and encounter a great farm-wagon of singular aspect, loaded not with hay, but with very old-fashioned-looking individuals with a suspicious air of artlessness about them, do not mistake the vehicle for a smuggler's cart. It is, in all probability, a party of very aristocratic merrymakers out for a good time in the newest of old ways, the "going back to Nature" idea carried out with every improvement that can be devised. As one of the new ragtime songs says, "His artlessness was art," and the white curtains that hang about the heavy wagons drawn by fine horses make a mere pretense of con-

cealing a load of pretty damsels and youths, or their maturer compeers in fun, released for the day from the fetters of conventionality and out for a frolic in the open.

Wagon-picnicking is one of the latest crazes, scarcely as yet become popular in this country, but likely to be, since we have better facilities over here for such pastimes than there are abroad, with the one exception of perfect roads, and these are being established each day. To "steal awhile away" from society and with a party of congenial spirits go out with one's luncheon in a basket under the wagon-seat, and a demure servant squeezed up behind somewhere to do the hard work of the revel, is a charming frolic, and one that appeals to young and elderly alike. The weather must be consulted before the picnic is undertaken, although in England light rains are matters of complete indifference. Tam-o'-shanter caps and mackintoshes make clouds and downpour things to be laughed at. Here, where we get our rain by the bucketful, it is different. Old Probability must be regarded with respect, and a day selected when the sun is

at least likely to peep forth part of the time. The kernel of the fun is "roughing it," not only in semblance, but in reality, so in matter of costume practicability is consulted. Walking-gear is chosen, as to get out of the wagon and tramp is part of the enjoyment. A choice may be made between purchasing food of the farmers by the way and cooking it in the miniature kitchen, which is part of the wagon outfit, or eating at the wayside inns that dot the road. The jaunt may be prolonged for several days, the picnickers sleeping in the wagon on hay or rough couches, and making their toilets as their primitive forefathers did in days when the world was younger.

Perhaps the idea came into being to harmonize with the rage for camps of every description at this date. Certainly it is sane in the feature of making for hardihood and endurance in those who participate in the outdoor jaunting. And with a cultured, good-humored tribe let loose in the fields with the avowed purpose of unconventional fun, there is small likelihood of dullness or disappointment ensuing.

"Yes, a big farm-wagon or van is part of my equipment for the entertainment of my house-guests this summer," answered a society woman in response to some queries. "The dear young people think it a high frolic to don their rough-shod uniforms and go out for a road spree. They take a cold luncheon with them, but always vow that they will cook their own meals; so I provide a small oil-stove, and always pray that Adela—my own girl—may return without having singed off all her eyebrows bending over the thing. I notice that they one and all appreciate a decent repast when they get back home. So the craze has its uses."

This is the view of sober maturity, but the younger generation could give a more enthusiastic description of the day's outing. What good stories were told by the brother home on his vacation from Old Nassau; what capital songs were improvised under the inspiration of the balmy air after a solid luncheon of fried sausages, bought at the near-by farm-house, and helped along by a draught of new cider from the same friendly source! Little romances sprouted,

encouraged by the simplicity and candor of the fields, that had begun to languish in the hothouse atmosphere of the billiard-room the night before. John reflected that Adela had never looked so womanly and sweet as when with flushed cheeks she had timidly pressed him to try her chocolate and pancakes and asked him if her apron was not becoming? The chaperon was so flattered and spoiled and so well amused that she forgot to keep her eyes open after the party halted in the evening and lit camp-fire to roast their chestnuts and elate their spirits to the pitch of completely unconventional expression. Of all the plays, going a-gipsying affords the least fatigue for the mind, and the bodily fatigue is healthful.

2. *A Winter Sport*

The Scotch game of "curling" is becoming popular with us, and amateur golfers are going wild over it. Clubs are establishing curling-ponds, and matches are played during the cold season when tennis and ball are not to be considered. Wherever there is a stream of moderate size a

curling-pond may be arranged at small expense. The game is most fascinating and holds the interest from its competitive character. Sometimes several contesting games are played at the same time. Every one may engage in it without regard to age or condition. Indeed, the democratic nature of the game is one of its attractive features. The millionaire hobnobs with the ground-keeper, and with true Scotch spirit meets others as "man to man," heedless of artificial distinctions. Occasionally the Scotch dialect is purposely employed to give the thing a tang. But if its popularity holds out it is certain to become Americanized to such an extent that we will forget to copy either the speech or the ways of our British cousins in pursuing the sport.

So long as sport draws men together on the simple plane of competitive prowess there is little danger of an oligarchy in our overgrown country. When strain of muscle is the test, dollars sink into insignificance, and the spontaneous admiration of some manly feat warms the most reserved nature. How quickly an affected girls finds

her level on the golf-ground! And how soon the veneer covering a mean nature rubs off! There is no touchstone of character more certain than the strenuous game which tries the temper and muscles alike. Physicians are saying that golf prolongs life. Probably, as it necessitates much persistence in taking exercise, something the people who are not required by their business to do wickedly neglect. Professional men and women are finding golf a boon for this reason, and the active youths and maidens who see in it merely one form of interest may devise something else more exclusively their own property if the middle-aged take to it so enthusiastically. A certain old gentleman of Yorkshire boasted at seventy that he owed his fresh cheeks to his unfailing daily walk of seventeen miles, taken for pleasure as well as for profit. The English have always been rather ahead of us as walkers, with marked exceptions. But golf may stimulate a new desire to "sprint" with ease and enjoyment.

"Get out!" sternly said a blunt physician to a languid lady patient who was be-

moaning her inability to rise from her chair without pains in her joints. After her astounded irritation had yielded to reflection she obeyed the literal injunction and—got out of her chair and the house. Many of us will not go out of doors in winter excepting upon the temptation of amusement. And with the increasing cheapness of taxi-cabs walking is a last resort. But golf obliges the putting foot to the ground and makes unflagging activity a condition of admission to the fascinating game. It is now asserted that age has nothing to do with golf. If a man or woman has the use of their legs, candidates they are, and may enter into the sport as actively as the youngest there. A veteran president of a well-known club entered in at eighty-two, and vindicated his right to do so by his good playing. This is certainly encouraging to those of us who are still under seventy.

3. Pretty Snow and Ice Sport

At a certain delightful country house where one is always sure of having some

new and agreeable thing proposed to while away evenings a surprise was sprung upon a dozen young guests lately. Immediately after the late dinner a number of sleds or toboggans were brought to the *porte-cochère* and everybody bundled onto them. The request had previously gone forth for a provision of heavy wraps, and in the miniature sleighs additional furs were found. There were little woolen caps also, and those in the secret had seen to it that an equipment of blood-warming things in the shape of apparatus for bouillon was present. A small alcohol-stove with aluminum kettle filled with that refreshment had been stored at the back of the larger sled, together with a dozen or more tiny cups. The caravan, conducted by servants enveloped in furs to their chins, then proceeded swiftly to the little artificial lake in the park, which was illuminated by numberless candles placed in the branches of the surrounding trees. Frozen hard, the sheeted lake glittered like a fairy pond, and immediately a concealed band of music struck up a marching tune as the admiring guests descended from

their vehicles. There was a shout of delight as they "caught onto" the idea of a dance in the open, and the skates that had been privately conveyed to the scene of action were drawn forth rapidly and a gay rout began. Between dances cups of hot bouillon were handed about by the servants, and the candles burned steadily for a couple of hours. When the revelry was at its height a sudden fanfare of horns brought all to a halt, and there came upon the scene a great sleigh drawn by four ponies and containing several grotesquely costumed persons resembling witches. A tall form stood up, demanding: "What are ye doing on this, my territory? For a punishment I shall have you all conveyed at once to my castle and made to partake of a feast there prepared." Then a big tent that had been previously hidden in the darkness of the farther shore sprang into evidence, all aglow from the splendid fire of logs in front of it. Signs of festivity shone out, and the merrymakers with gleeful shouts made for the scene of a midnight supper, spread forth with no other illumination than that afforded by the spent

candles and the wonderful bonfire, fed industriously by constant supplies of light wood. Never had cold fowl and salad and coffee tasted better than after that dance on the frozen lake. But the essence of the pleasure was the surprise of it all.

4. Shall We Fly?

Well for this generation that the sober men who ruled Old Salem are no longer in authority, or else the tentatives of some of us might meet with the penalties that attended irreverence and audacity in those days. How would our grandmothers, also, have regarded the suggestion of flying? But other times, other ways. It is not impossible that the persistent resolve to find out some way to rise above the earth had its origin in certain dreams with which most of us are familiar, when we are lifted bodily out of our weighty submission to gravity and are invested with the power of being light as the air. It is a most delicious sensation! Anyway, invention is ever active on this point, and it is beginning to appear as if practical results are in sight.

Venturesome women everywhere are taking courses in the art of flying, and the question is agitated seriously at meetings, Shall we not all learn to fly? Instructors have sprung into being, and they claim that the art is one that all can acquire safely.

Flying-parties are not unknown things, and competition is creeping in. A bright spirit has offered prizes to her guests, on the flying-field, for flights of a certain limit. The mode is to have the party assemble on a chosen spot, free, of course, from trees and other impediments to aerial locomotion when wings are at hand, with expert instructors to adjust them and give lessons to all not familiar with the *modus operandi*. Music is provided, as in battle, to inspire faint hearts with courage, and as soft strains from bugle and fife ascend, the daintily clad bodies of lovely girls rise on the air and begin their flight to regions above. It is a touching sight, and one a mother will not soon forget, to see her adored daughter in the process of being elevated through such frail agency over her head and beyond the reach of her pro-

tecting arms. After a while, when the appliances have been perfected, the danger will be less and enjoyment not tinctured by terror of accidents. But at the present hour flying must be regarded with some doubt, even by the more hardy of us. Aeroplane parties are growing more common, and there is no longer a grand scramble on the streets when one is sighted in the firmament. A race in the air is something the writer only knows by hearsay, her most exhilarating experience having been a simple flight in a balloon when she was younger and more venturesome than today. But the sensation is one so well remembered and so unique that the jaunt seems like one undertaken only yesterday. Perhaps before so very long the new pastime will become an irresistible temptation even to the sober-minded, and flying will cease to be a novelty.

But one cannot help asking what we are going to do about it. After flying is exhausted, then what?

THE END